

MARIE ANTOINETTE, THE PRINCESS
MARIE THERESA CHARLOTTE AND THE
DUC DE NORMANDIE

After the painting by Mme. Vigée Lebrun

SECRET MEMOIRS
OF THE
COURTS OF EUROPE

Marie Antoinette

BY
MADAME CAMPAN

IN TWO VOLUMES
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MEMOIRS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

CHAPTER I

The diamond necklace—Account of Boehmer the jeweller—His interview with Madame Campan—The Cardinal de Rohan interrogated in the King's Cabinet—Particulars relative to Madame de Lamotte and her family—Steps taken by the Cardinal's relations—The prosecution—The clergy remonstrate—Decree of the Parliament—The Queen's grief—Remark of Louis XVI.

SHORTLY after the public mind had been highly excited by the performance of the *Marriage of Figaro*, an obscure plot, contrived by swindlers and matured in the haunts of dark depravity, implicated the Queen's character in a vital point, and directly assailed the majesty and honour of the throne.

I mean the celebrated affair of the bracelet, purchased, as it was said, for the Queen by the Cardinal de Rohan. I will relate every circumstance that came to my knowledge respecting this business; the most minute particulars will prove how little reason the Queen had to apprehend the blow with which she was threatened, and which must be attributed to a fatality that human prudence could not have foreseen, though

prudence might have been more successfully exerted to extricate Her Majesty from the consequences of this unfortunate affair.¹

I have already said that in 1774 the Queen purchased jewels of Böehmer to the value of 360,000 francs, that she paid for them out of her own private funds, and that it required several years to enable her to complete the payment. The King afterwards presented her with a set of rubies and diamonds of a fine water, and subsequently with a pair of bracelets worth 200,000 francs. The Queen after having her diamonds reset in new patterns, told Böehmer that she found her jewel-case rich enough and was not desirous of making any addition to it; still the jeweller busied himself for some years in forming a collection of the very first diamonds circulating in

1 In order to comprehend the account about to be given by the authoress of the Memoirs, and to appreciate her historical testimony on this subject, the reader should be in possession of the leading facts. There are many remarkable circumstances which, though connected with Madame Campan's narrative, do not form part of it, because she speaks only of what she herself well knew. A great number of persons acted base or culpable parts in this shameful drama; it is necessary to be acquainted with them. No one knew the whole affair better than the Abbé Georgel, but at the same time no one was more devoted to the Cardinal de Rohan, or showed more ingenuity in discovering means of defending him, or greater skill in throwing with artfully affected delicacy a false light upon the irreproachable conduct of a Princess exposed to the most shocking suspicions, either through the blind credulity or the depravity of a Prince of the Church. The Abbé shows in this part of his Memoirs a respectful hatred (if we may be allowed the expression) of Marie Antoinette. He supposes the Queen to have been aware of the transaction at a time when she was still wrapt in all the security of a woman whose imagination could not even conceive the idea of such a masterpiece of intrigue. In the *Historical Illustrations* (A), we give a copious extract from Georgel's Memoirs. The reader who is desirous of information and of forming a judgment upon this subject is recommended to glance over this extract first, in order to observe in what points the assertions it contains are rendered doubtful, and how far they are utterly confuted by Madame Campan's testimony.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

commerce, in order to compose a necklace of several rows which he hoped to induce Her Majesty to purchase. He brought it to M. Campan, requesting him to mention it to the Queen, that she might ask to see it and thus be excited to wish to possess it. This M. Campan refused to do, telling him that he should be overstepping the line of his duty were he to propose to the Queen an expense of 1,600,000 francs, and that he believed that neither the lady of honour nor the tire-woman would take upon herself to execute such a commission. Bœhmer persuaded the King's first gentleman for the year to show this superb necklace to His Majesty, who admired it so much that he himself wished to see the Queen adorned with it, and sent the case to her; but she assured him she should much regret the incurring of so great an expense for such an article; that she had already very beautiful diamonds; that jewels of that description were not now worn at that Court more than four or five times a year; that the necklace must be returned, and that the money would be much better employed in building a man-of-war.¹ Bœhmer, in deep tribulation at finding his expectations delusive, endeavoured, as it is said, for some time to dispose of his necklace among the various Courts of Europe, but without meeting

1 "Messrs. Bœhmer and Bassange, jewellers to the Crown, were proprietors of a superb diamond necklace, which had, as it was said, been intended for the Countess du Barry. Being under the necessity of selling it, they offered it, during the last war, to the King and Queen; but Their Majesties gave the jewellers the following prudent answer: '*We have more need of ships than of diamonds.*'" ("Secret Correspondence of the Court of Louis XVI.")—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

with any person willing to become the purchaser of an article of such value. A year after his fruitless attempts Bœhmer again caused his diamond necklace to be offered for sale to the King, proposing that it should be paid for partly by instalments, and partly in life annuities. This proposal was represented as highly advantageous, and the King mentioned the matter once more to the Queen; this was in my presence. I remember the Queen told him that, if the purchase was really not inconvenient, he might make it, and keep the necklace until the marriage of one of his children; but that, for her part, she would never wear it, being unwilling that the world should have to reproach her with having coveted so expensive an article. The King replied that their children were too young to justify such an expense, which would be greatly increased by the number of years the diamonds would remain useless, and that he would finally decline the offer. Bœhmer complained to everybody of his misfortune, and all reasonable people blamed him for having collected diamonds to so considerable an amount without any positive order for them. This man had purchased the office of jeweller to the Crown, which gave him the right of entry at Court. After several months spent in ineffectual attempts to carry his point, and in idle complaints, he obtained an audience of the Queen, who had with her the youngest Princess, her daughter. Her Majesty did not know for what purpose Bœhmer sought this audience, and had not the slightest idea that it was to speak to her again about an article twice refused by herself and the King.

Bœhmer threw himself on his knees, clasped his hands, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Madam, I am ruined and disgraced if you do not purchase my necklace. I cannot outlive my misfortunes. When I go hence I shall throw myself into the river." "Rise, Bœhmer," said the Queen, in a tone sufficiently severe to call him to himself; "I do not like these rhapsodies; honest men have no occasion to fall on their knees to make their requests. If you were to destroy yourself I should regret you as a madman in whom I had taken an interest, but I should not be responsible for that misfortune. I not only never ordered the article which causes your present despair, but whenever you have talked to me about fine collections of jewels, I have told you that I should not add four diamonds to those which I already possessed. I told you myself that I declined taking the necklace; the King wished to give it to me, but I refused him also: then never mention it to me again. Divide it, and endeavour to sell it piecemeal, and do not drown yourself. I am very angry with you for acting this scene of despair in my presence, and before this child. Let me never see you behave thus again. Go!" Bœhmer withdrew, overwhelmed with confusion, and nothing further was then heard of him.

When Madame Sophie was born, the Queen informed me that M. de Saint-James¹ had apprised her that Bœhmer was still intent upon the sale of his necklace, and that Her Majesty ought, for her own satisfaction, to endeavour to learn what the man had

¹ A rich financier.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

done with it. She desired me not to forget, the first time I should meet him, to speak to him about it, as if from the interest I took in his welfare. I spoke to him about his necklace, and he told me he had been very fortunate, having sold it at Constantinople for the favourite Sultana. I communicated this answer to the Queen, who was delighted with it, but could not comprehend how the Grand Seignior came to purchase his diamonds at Paris.

The Queen for a long time avoided seeing Bœhmer, being fearful of his rash character; and her *valet de chambre*, who had the care of her jewels, did the necessary repairs to her ornaments unassisted. On the baptism of the Duke d'Angoulême, the King made him a present of a diamond epaulette and buckles, and directed Bœhmer to deliver them to the Queen. Bœhmer presented them to Her Majesty upon her return from Mass, and at the same time gave into her hands a letter in the form of a petition. In this paper he told the Queen that he was happy to see her "in possession of the finest diamonds known in Europe, and entreated her not to forget him." The Queen read Bœhmer's address to her aloud, and saw nothing in it but a proof of mental aberration, being unable otherwise to account for his complimenting her upon the beauty of her diamonds, and begging her not to forget him. She lighted the note at a wax taper standing near her, as she had some letters to seal, saying, "It is not worth keeping." She afterwards much regretted the loss of this enigmatical memorial.¹ After having burnt the paper, Her Majesty

¹ The reader will compare the clear and simple particulars with

said to me, "That man is born to be my torment; he has always some mad scheme in his head. Remember, the first time you see him, to tell him that I do not like diamonds now, and that I will buy no more as long as I live; that if I had any money to spare, I would rather add to my property at St. Cloud by the purchase of the land surrounding it. Now, mind you enter into all these particulars, and impress them well upon him." I asked her whether she wished me to send for him. She replied in the negative, adding that it would be sufficient to avail myself of the first opportunity afforded by meeting with him, and that the slightest advance towards such a man would be injudicious.

On the 1st of August I left Versailles for my country house; on the 3rd came Boëmer, extremely uneasy at not having received any answer from the Queen, to ask me whether I had any commission from her to him. I replied that she had entrusted me with none; that she had no commands for him; and I faithfully repeated all she had desired me to say to him. "But," said Boëmer, "the answer to the letter I presented to her—to whom must I apply for that?" "To nobody," answered I. "Her Majesty burnt your memorial without even comprehending its meaning." "Ah! madam," exclaimed he, "that is impossible; the Queen knows she has money to pay

that part of the Abbé Georgel's Memoirs in which he supposes the Queen to have been long aware of the purchase of the necklace. Was it, then, in Boëmer's obscure expressions that she could fathom an intrigue so complicated, so scandalous and so foreign to her imagination, deeply affecting as it did her dignity and her person?—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

MEMOIRS OF

Boehmer? Your last accounts
 discharged long ago." "How,
 the secret? A man who is
 ment of 1,500,000 francs can
 satisfied." "Have you lost
 ; "for what can the Queen owe
 a sum?" "For the necklace,
 Boehmer, coolly. "How?" returned
 again, about which you have teased
 so many years! Did you not tell me you
 had seen it at Constantinople?" "The Queen desired
 me to give that answer to all who should speak to
 me on the subject," said the wretched dupe. He then
 told me that the Queen had determined to have the
 necklace, and had had it purchased for her by the
 Cardinal de Rohan. "You are deceived!" I exclaimed;
 "the Queen has not once spoken to the Cardinal since
 his return from Vienna; there is not a man at her
 Court less favourably looked upon." "You are deceived
 yourself, madam," said Boehmer; "she must see him
 in private, for it was to His Eminence that she gave
 20,000 francs, which were paid me on account. She
 took them, in his presence, out of the little *secrétaire*
 of Sèvres porcelain next the fireplace in her boudoir."
 "And the Cardinal told you all this?" "Yes, madam,
 himself." "What a detestable plot!" cried I. "Indeed,
 to say the truth, madam, I begin to be much alarmed, for
 His Eminence assured me that the Queen would wear
 the necklace on Whit-Sunday; but I did not see it upon
 her, and it was that which induced me to write to Her
 Majesty." He then asked me what he ought to do. I
 advised him to go on to Versailles, instead of returning

to Paris, from whence he had just arrived; to obtain an immediate audience from the Baron de Breteuil, who, as the head of the King's household, was the minister of the department to which Boehler belonged, and to be circumspect; and I added that he appeared to me extremely culpable, not as a diamond merchant, but because, being a sworn officer, he had acted without the direct orders of the King, the Queen or the minister. He answered that he had not acted without direct orders; that he had in his possession all the notes signed by the Queen, and that he had even been obliged to show them to several bankers in order to induce them to extend the time for his payments. I hastened his departure for Versailles, and he assured me that he would go thither immediately. Instead of following my advice, he went to the Cardinal; and it was of this visit of Boehler's that His Eminence made a memorandum, found in a drawer overlooked by the Abbé Georgel when he burnt, by order of His Eminence, all the papers which the latter had at Paris. The memorandum was thus worded: "On this day, 3rd of August, Boehler went to Madame Campan's country house, and she told him that the Queen had never had his necklace, and that he had been cheated."

When Boehler was gone I was anxious to follow him and go to the Queen at Trianon. My father-in-law prevented me, and ordered me to leave the minister to elucidate an affair of such importance, observing that it was an infernal plot, that I had advised Boehler very properly, and had nothing more to do with the business.

After seeing the Cardinal, Bœhmer did not go to the Baron de Breteuil, but went to Trianon, and sent a message to the Queen purporting that I had advised him to come back and speak to her. His very words were repeated to Her Majesty, who said, "He is mad; I have nothing to say to him, and will not see him." Two or three days afterwards she sent for me to Trianon. I found her alone in her boudoir. She talked to me of various trifles, but all the while I was answering her I was thinking of the necklace and seeking for an opportunity of telling her what had been said to me about it, till at length she said, "Do you know that that idiot, Bœhmer, has been here asking to speak to me, and saying that you advised him to do so? I refused to receive him," continued the Queen. "What does he want—have you any idea?" I then communicated what the man had said to me, which I thought it my duty not to withhold, whatever pain it might give me to mention such infamous affairs to her. She made me relate several times the whole of my conversation with Bœhmer, and complained bitterly of the vexation she felt for the circulation of forged notes signed with her name, but she could not conceive how the Cardinal could be involved in the affair; this was a labyrinth to her, and her mind was lost in it. She immediately sent for the Abbé de Vermond and the Baron de Breteuil. Bœhmer had never said one word to me about the woman De Lamotte, and her name was mentioned for the first time by the Cardinal in his answers to the interrogatories put to him before the King.

For several days the Queen, in concert with

the Baron and the Abbé, consulted what was proper to be done on the occasion. Unfortunately, an inveterate and implacable hatred for the Cardinal rendered these two counsellors the men of all others the most likely to lead Her Majesty out of the line of conduct she ought to have pursued. They only contemplated the utter ruin of their enemy at Court, and his disgrace in the eyes of all Europe; and never considered how circumspectly such a delicate affair required to be managed. If the Queen had called in the Count de Vergennes to advise, his experience of men and things would have induced him at once to pronounce that a swindling transaction, in which the august name of Marie Antoinette might be compromised, ought to be hushed up.

On the 15th of August the Cardinal, who was already dressed in his pontifical garments, was sent for at noon into the King's closet, where the Queen then was. The King said to him, "You have purchased diamonds of Boehmer?" "Yes, Sire." "What have you done with them?" "I thought they had been delivered to the Queen." "Who commissioned you?" "A lady, called the Countess de Lamotte-Valois, who handed me a letter from the Queen, and I thought I was gratifying Her Majesty by taking this business on myself." The Queen here interrupted him, and said: "How, sir, could you believe that I should select you, to whom I have not spoken these eight years, to negotiate anything for me; and especially through the mediation of such a woman?" "I see plainly," said the Cardinal, "that I have been duped ;

I will pay for the necklace. My desire to be of service to Your Majesty blinded me; I suspected no trick in the affair, and I am sorry for it." He then took out of his pocket-book a letter from the Queen to Madame de Lamotte, entrusting her with the commission. The King took it and, holding it towards the Cardinal, said, "This is neither written nor signed by the Queen. How could a Prince of the House of Rohan, and a Grand Almoner of France, ever think that the Queen would sign 'Marie Antoinette de France?' Everybody knows that Queens sign only by their baptismal names.¹ But, sir," pursued the King, handing him a copy of his letter to Bœhmer, "did you ever write such a letter as this?" Having glanced over it, the Cardinal said, "I do not remember having written it." "But what if the original, signed by yourself, were shown to you?" "If the letter be signed by myself it is genuine." "Then explain to me," resumed the King, "the whole of this enigma. I do not wish to find you guilty; I had rather you would justify yourself. Account for all the manœuvres

¹ The following passage occurs in the "Secret Correspondence":—"The Cardinal ought, it was said, to have detected the forgery of the approbations and signature to the instructions. His place of Grand Almoner gave him ample opportunity of knowing both Her Majesty's writing and her manner of signing her name. To this important objection it was answered that it was long since M. de Rohan had seen her writing; that he did not recollect it; that, besides having no suspicions, he had no inducement to endeavour to verify it; and that the Crown jewellers, to whom he showed the instrument, did not, any more than himself, detect the imposition."

With submission to the authors of the "Secret Correspondence," this answer is nugatory; for merchants are better acquainted with commercial signatures than those of Courts, and they might very possibly be ignorant of customs which ought to be familiar to the Cardinal; and the Abbé Gorgel himself admits as much.

—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

with Bœhmer, these securities and these notes." The Cardinal then, turning pale, and leaning against the table, said, "Sire, I am too much confused to answer Your Majesty in a way—" "Compose yourself, Cardinal, and go into my cabinet. You will there find paper, pens and ink; write what you have to say to me." The Cardinal went into the King's cabinet, and returned a quarter of an hour afterwards with a document as confused as his verbal answers had been. The King then said, "Withdraw, sir." The Cardinal then left the King's chamber with the Baron de Breteuil, who gave him in custody to an ensign of the body-guard, with orders to take him to his apartment. M. d'Agoult, adjutant of the body-guard, afterwards took charge of him and conducted him to his hotel, and from thence to the Bastille. But while the Cardinal had with him only the young ensign of the body-guard, who was himself much embarrassed at having such an order to execute, His Eminence met his *heyduke* at the door of the Saloon of Hercules; he spoke to him in German, and then asked the ensign if he could lend him a pencil; the officer gave him that which he carried about him, and the Cardinal wrote to the Abbé Georgel, his grand vicar and friend, instantly to burn all Madame de Lamotte's correspondence, and all his letters in general.¹ This commission was executed before

¹ The "Secret Correspondence," in relating these circumstances, thus explains the officer's conduct and confusion:

"The ensign, being reprimanded for suffering the Cardinal to write, replied that his orders did not forbid it, and that besides he had been so much disconcerted by the unusual address of the

M. de Crosne, lieutenant of police, had received an order from the Baron de Breteuil to put seals upon the Cardinal's papers. The destruction of all His Eminence's correspondence, and particularly that with Madame de Lamotte, threw an impenetrable cloud over the whole of this affair. Madame the King's step-sister was the sole protectress of that woman; and her patronage was confined to allowing her a slender pension of twelve or fifteen hundred francs. Her brother was in the navy, but the Marquis de Chabert, to whom he had been recommended, could never make a good officer of him.

Baron de Breteuil, 'In the King's name, sir, follow me,' that he had not recovered himself and did not perfectly know what he was about. This excuse is not very satisfactory, though it is true that this officer, who was very irregular in his conduct, was much in debt, and at first apprehended that the order intimated to him by the Baron concerned himself personally."

The Abbé Georgel relates the circumstances of the note in a very different manner:

"The Cardinal, at that dreadful moment, which might have been expected to deprive him of his senses, gave an astonishing proof of his presence of mind: notwithstanding the escort which surrounded him, favoured by the attendant crowd, he stopped, and stooping down with his face towards the wall, as if to fasten his buckle or his garter, snatched out his pencil, and hastily wrote a few words upon a scrap of paper placed under his hand in his square red cap. He rose again and proceeded. On entering his house, his people formed a lane; he slipped this paper unperceived into the hand of a confidential *valet de chambre*, who waited for him at the door of his apartment." This little tale is scarcely credible: it is not at the moment of a prisoner's arrest, when an inquisitive crowd surrounds and watches him, that he can stop and write unperceived. However, the *valet de chambre* posts off to Paris. He arrives at the palace of the Cardinal between twelve and one o'clock, and his horse falls dead in the stable. "I was in my apartment," says the Abbé Georgel; "the *valet de chambre* entered wildly, with a deadly paleness on his countenance, and exclaimed, 'All is lost; the Prince is arrested!' He instantly fainted and fell, dropping the paper of which he was the bearer." The portfolio enclosing the papers which might compromise the Cardinal was immediately placed beyond the reach of all search.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The Queen in vain endeavoured to call to mind the features of this person, whom she had often heard spoken of as an intriguing woman who came frequently on Sundays to the gallery at Versailles; and at the time when all France was taken up with the prosecution against the Cardinal, the portrait of the Countess de Lamotte-Valois was publicly sold. Her Majesty desired me one day, when I was going to Paris, to buy her the engraving, which was said to be a tolerable likeness, that she might ascertain whether she could recollect in it any person whom she had seen in the gallery.¹

The woman De Lamotte's father was a peasant at Auteuil, though he called himself Valois. Madame de Boulainvilliers once saw from her terrace two pretty little peasant girls, each labouring under a heavy bundle of sticks; the priest of the village, who was walking with her, told her that the children possessed some curious papers, and that he had no doubt they were descendants of a Valois, an illegitimate son of one of the Princes of that name.

The family of Valois had long ceased to appear in the world. Hereditary vices had gradually plunged them into the deepest misery.

I have heard that the last Valois occupied the estate called Gros Bois; that as he seldom came to Court, Louis XIII. asked him what he was about that he remained so constantly in the country, and that this M. de Valois merely answered: "Sire, I am

¹ The public, as the reader knows, with the exception of persons dressed in the style of the lowest of the people, were admitted into the gallery and larger apartments of Versailles as they were into the park.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

doing nothing but what I ought to do."¹ It was shortly afterwards discovered that he was engaged in *coining*.

As soon as the news of the Grand Almoner's arrest spread through Paris, the Prince de Condé, who had married a Princess of the House of Rohan, the Maréchal de Soubise, and the Princess de Mar-san, exclaimed indignantly against the arrest of a Prince of their family. The clergy, from the cardinals down to the youths in the seminaries, gave vent to their affliction at the disgraceful apprehension of a Prince of the Church, and an infinite number of persons were eagerly desirous to see the Court humbled for so harsh a proceeding.

I must interrupt my narrative of the famous necklace plot to say something about this woman De Lamotte. Neither the Queen herself nor any lady about her ever had the slightest connection with that swindler; and during her prosecution, she could point out but one of the Queen's servants, a man named Desclos, a valet of the Queen's bed-chamber, to whom she pretended she had delivered Bœhmer's necklace. This Desclos was a very honest man; upon being confronted with the woman De Lamotte, it was proved that she had never seen him but once, which was at the house of the wife of a surgeon-accoucheur at Versailles, the only person she visited at Court; and that she had not given him the necklace. Madame de Lamotte married a private in Monsieur's body-guard; she lodged at Versailles at the Belle Image, a very inferior furnished hotel; and it is inconceivable

¹ *Je ne fais que ce que je dois*: which also means, "I only make what I owe;" and in that sense was a true answer.

how so obscure a person could succeed in making herself believed to be a friend of the Queen, who, though so extremely affable, very seldom granted audiences, and only to titled persons.

The trial of the Cardinal is so generally known that it is unnecessary for me to repeat the circumstances of it here.¹ The point most embarrassing to him was the interview he had in February, 1785, with M. de Saint-James, to whom he confided the particulars of the Queen's pretended commission, and showed the contract approved and signed "Marie Antoinette de France." The memorandum, found in a drawer of the Cardinal's bureau, in which he had himself written what Bœhmer told him after having seen me at my country house, was likewise an unfortunate document for His Eminence.

1 The letters patent, which gave the Parliament cognisance of the process, were couched in these terms:

"Louis, &c. Having been informed that the Sieurs Bœhmer and Bassange sold the Cardinal de Rohan a necklace of brilliants; that the said Cardinal de Rohan, without the knowledge of the Queen our beloved spouse and consort, told them he was authorised by her to purchase it at the price of 1,600,000 livres, payable by instalments, and showed them false instructions to that effect, which he exhibited as approved by the Queen; that the said necklace having been delivered by the said Bœhmer and Bassange to the said Cardinal, and the first payment agreed on between them not having been made good, they had recourse to the Queen; we could not without just indignation see an august name, dear to us on so many accounts, thus daringly abused, and the respect due to Royal Majesty violated with such unheard-of temerity; we therefore deemed it incumbent on our justice to cite before us the said Cardinal, and upon his declaration to us that he had been deceived by a woman named Lamotte, called De Valois, we judged it indispensable to secure his person and that of the said Lamotte called De Valois, and to take those steps suggested to us by our wisdom for the discovery of the authors or accomplices of such an attack; and we have thought fit to make you acquainted with these matters, that the process may be instituted and decided by you, the great chamber and criminal court assembled."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

I offered to the King to go and declare that Boehler had told me and maintained that the Cardinal assured him he had received from the Queen's own hand the 30,000 francs given as earnest upon the bargain being concluded, and that His Eminence had seen Her Majesty take that sum in bills from the porcelain *secrétaire* in her boudoir. The King declined my offer and said, "Were you alone when Boehler told you this?" I answered that I was alone with him in my garden. "Well," resumed he, "the man would deny the fact; he is now sure of being paid his 1,600,000 francs, which the Cardinal's family will find it necessary to make good to him.¹ We cannot rely upon his sincerity; it would look as if you were sent by the Queen, and that would not be proper."

The Attorney-General's information was severe on the Cardinal. The House of Condé, that of Rohan, the majority of the nobility and the whole of the clergy, saw nothing in this affair but an attack upon the Prince's rank and the privileges of a cardinal. The clergy required that the unfortunate business of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan should be sent to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the Archbishop of Nar-

¹ The King's good sense had fathomed this intrigue; a fact related in the "Secret Correspondence" proves it: "The guilty woman no sooner knew that all was about to be discovered than she sent for the jewellers, and told them that the Cardinal had perceived that the agreement which he believed to have been signed by the Queen was a false and forged document. 'However,' added she, 'the Cardinal possesses a considerable fortune, and he can very well pay you.' These words reveal the whole secret. The Countess had taken the necklace to herself, and flattered herself that M. de Rohan, seeing himself deceived and cruelly imposed upon, would determine to pay and make the best terms he could, rather than suffer a matter of this nature to become public. And that was, in fact, the best thing he could do."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

bonne, then President of the Convocation, made representations upon the subject to the King;¹ the bishops wrote to His Majesty to remind him that a private ecclesiastic implicated in the affair then pending would have a right to claim his constitutional judges, and that this right was refused to a cardinal, his superior in the hierarchical order.² In short, the clergy and the greater part of the nobility were at that time outrageous against authority, and chiefly against the Queen.

The Attorney-General's conclusions, and those of a part of the heads of the magistracy, were as severe towards the Cardinal as the information had been, yet he was *fully acquitted* by a majority of three voices; the woman De Lamotte was condemned to be whipped, branded and imprisoned, and her husband, for contumacy, was condemned to the galleys for life.

The Queen's grief was extreme. As soon as I

¹ *Vide*, in the *Historical Illustrations* (B), fragments of the speech delivered by the Archbishop of Narbonne in presence of the clergy then assembled.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

² "While the process was pending," says a paper of the time, "there appeared a brief from the Pope, addressed to the Cardinal, in which the Pope informs him that, having held a consistory respecting him, they had unanimously resolved that he had essentially sinned against his dignity as a member of the Sacred College, by recognising a foreign and secular tribunal; that he was consequently suspended for six months; and that if he persisted in so irregular a line of conduct, he would be struck off the list of cardinals."

All this was but an empty threat; for the Abbé Lemoine, a doctor of the Sorbonne, having appeared for Prince Louis de Rohan, proved that His Eminence could not avoid submitting to a tribunal appointed for him by the King, his master; and that, with regard to the preservation of the prerogatives of his dignity, he had made the customary protests. The Sovereign Pontiff was so satisfied that, after all the requisite formalities, he declared the Cardinal de Rohan reinstated in all the rights and honours of the Roman purple.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

learned the substance of the decision, I went to her, and found her alone in her closet; she was weeping. "Come," said Her Majesty to me, "come and lament for your Queen, insulted and sacrificed by cabal and injustice. But rather let me pity you as a French-woman. If I have not met with equitable judges in a matter which affected my reputation, what could you hope for in a suit in which your fortune and character were at stake?"¹ The King came in at this moment, and said to me, "You find the Queen much afflicted; she has great reason to be so. They were determined throughout this affair to see only an ecclesiastical Prince—a Prince de Rohan; while he is in fact a needy fellow." (I use His Majesty's own expression). "And
 o put money into his pockets,
 ch he found himself the party
 cheat. Nothing is easier to see
 necessary to be an Alexander to
 —st."

unctioned by time is that the Cardinal
 uped by the woman De Lamotte and
 suggested. The King may have been in error in
 thinking him an accomplice in this miserable and

¹ "Will it be believed," says the Abbé Georgel, "that it was necessary to use caution in announcing the Cardinal's triumph to the Queen?" Will it be believed, we ask in our turn, that the Abbé Georgel felt any surprise on the occasion? Was not the triumph of a prelate who had compromised the name of his Queen in France and Europe by his scandalous connections, by an imbecile credulity, and perhaps even by criminal hopes, a sad and sufficient cause for affliction to Marie Antoinette? Perhaps the Abbé Soulavie, whose animosity against Marie Antoinette at least equals the Abbé Georgel's hatred (they were both Jesuits), less clearly betrayed his feelings by his calumnies than the Cardinal de Rohan's friend did his by his insolent exclamation. What should a woman, a wife and a Queen, hold more dear than her honour and the majesty of the throne?—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

criminal scheme; but I have faithfully given His Majesty's judgment concerning it.

However, the generally received opinion, that the Baron de Breteuil's hatred for the Cardinal was the cause of the scandal and result of this unfortunate affair, contributed to the disgrace of the former still more than his refusal to give his grand-daughter in marriage to the son of the Duke de Polignac.

The Abbé de Vermond threw the whole blame of the imprudence and impolicy of the affair of the Cardinal de Rohan upon the minister, and ceased to be the friend and supporter of the Baron de Breteuil with the Queen.¹

1 Madame Campan was aware of the importance of her testimony in the affair of the necklace. Among her manuscripts are two accounts of that unfortunate business. One is that which we have just read; in the other, the ground-work of which is the same, a few circumstances are presented in a different light, and several new particulars give it considerable interest. The second interview of the Queen with Bœhmer, in which she learns the meaning of the fatal enigma, for instance, is a curious fact. The style of the latter narrative is more free and more animated than that of the former. The *dramatis personæ* disclose their emotions, passions and dispositions more clearly. It especially shows the application of the vague manner in which the Queen, in the above account, calls in question the *equity of the judges*. We see by what sort of spirit the Parliament was animated. It is certain that a part of the magistracy, then performing a prelude to the resistance it soon afterwards made to the Royal authority, was less intent on securing a *triumph* for the Cardinal than a mortification for the Court. The Abbé Georgel himself admits it. He points out the magistrates who favoured the Cardinal, not with that moderate and scrupulous interest which an equitable judge feels for the accused, but with all the ardour of party spirit.

Madame Campan's second version throws a still purer and brighter light than the first upon the Queen's conduct, her grief and her generous indignation at this crisis. We give this second narrative in her *Historical Illustrations* (Note No. 1), under a persuasion that the reader will readily overlook a few repetitions in consideration of new particulars.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER II

The Archbishop of Sens is appointed to the Ministry—The Abbé de Vermond's joy on the occasion—The Queen is obliged to take a part in public business—Money sent to Vienna contrary to her inclination—Anecdotes—The Queen supports the Archbishop of Sens in office—Public rejoicings on his dismissal—Opening of the States-General—Cries of "Vive le Duc d'Orleans!"—Their effect upon the Queen—Mirabeau—He requests an embassy—The Queen's misfortunes induce her to yield to superstitious fears—Anecdotes—Prejudices of the provincial deputies of the Tiers-Etat—Causes of these prejudices—Death of the first Dauphin—Anecdotes.

THE Abbé de Vermond could not suppress his exultation when he succeeded in getting the Archbishop of Sens appointed President of the Council of Finance. I have often heard him say that seventeen years of patience were not too great a price for success at Court; that he spent all that time in gaining the end he had in view; but that at length the Archbishop was where he ought to be, for the good of the State. The Abbé from this time no longer concealed his credit and influence in the Queen's private circle; nothing could equal the confidence with which he displayed the extent of his ambition. He requested the Queen to order that the apartments appropriated to him should be enlarged, telling her that, being obliged to give audiences to bishops, cardinals and ministers, he required a residence suitable to his present circumstances. The Queen continued to treat

him in general as she did before the Archbishop's arrival at Court; but the household observed a variation which indicated increased consideration: the word *Monsieur* preceded that of Abbé; and, such is the influence of favour, that, from that moment, not only the livery servants, but also the people of the ante-chambers, rose when *Monsieur l'Abbé* was passing, though there never was, to my knowledge, any order given to that effect.

The Queen was obliged, on account of the King's disposition, and the very limited confidence he placed in the Archbishop of Sens, to take a part in public affairs. While M. de Maurepas lived she kept out of that danger, as may be seen by the censure which the Baron de Besenval passes on her in his Memoirs for not availing herself of the conciliation he had promoted between the Queen and that minister, who counteracted the ascendancy which she and her intimate friends might otherwise have gained over the King's mind.

The Queen has often assured me that she never interfered respecting the interests of Austria but once, and that was only to claim the execution of the treaty of alliance at the time when Joseph II. was at war with Prussia and Turkey; that she then demanded that an army of 24,000 men should be sent to him, instead of 15,000,000 livres—an alternative which had been left to option in the treaty, in case the Emperor should have a just war to maintain; that she could not obtain her object, and M. de Vergennes, in an interview which she had with him upon the subject, put an end to

her importunities by observing that he was answering the mother of the Dauphin, and not the sister of the Emperor.¹ The 15,000,000 livres were sent. There was no want of money at Vienna, and the value of a French army was fully appreciated. "But how," said the Queen, "could they be so wicked as to send off those fifteen millions from the general post-office, diligently publishing, even to the street porters, that they were loading the carriages with money that I was sending to my brother—whereas it is certain that the money would equally have been sent if I had belonged to another House; and, besides, it was sent contrary to my inclination."

The Queen never disguised her dislike to the American War; she could not conceive how anybody could advise a Sovereign to aim at the humiliation of England, through an attack on the Sovereign authority, and by assisting a people to organise a Republican Constitution. She often laughed at the enthusiasm with which Franklin inspired the French; and, upon the peace of 1783, she treated the English nobility and the ambassador from England with marked distinction.

When the Count de Moustier set out on his mission to the United States, after having had his public audience of leave, he came and asked me to procure him a private one. I could not succeed, even with the strongest solicitations: the Queen desired me to wish him a good voyage, but added,

¹ *Vide Historical Illustrations* (C), a passage respecting the delicate situation in which M. de Vergennes was placed in the midst of the parties which divided the Court.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

that none but ministers could have anything to say to him in private, since he was going to a country where the names of *King* and *Queen* must be detested.

Marie Antoinette had, then, no direct influence over State affairs until after the deaths of M. de Maurepas and M. de Vergennes and the retirement of M. de Calonne. She frequently regretted her new situation, and looked upon it as a misfortune which she could not avoid. One day, while I was assisting her to tie up a number of memorials and reports which some of the ministers had handed to her to be given to the King, "Ah!" said she, sighing, "there is an end of all happiness for me, since they have made an intriguer of me." I censured the word. "Yes," resumed the Queen; "that is the right term; every woman who meddles with affairs above her understanding or out of her line of duty is an intriguer and nothing else; you will remember, however, that it is not my own fault, and that it is with regret I give myself the title. The Queens of France are happy only so long as they meddle with nothing, and merely preserve influence sufficient to advance their friends and reward a few zealous servants. Do you know," added that excellent Princess—thus reluctantly forced to act in opposition to her principles—"do you know what happened to me lately? One day, since I began to attend private committees at the King's, while crossing the 'bull's eye,' I heard one of the musicians of the chapel say, so loudly that I lost not a single word, 'A Queen who does her duty will remain in her apartment to knit.' I said within myself, 'Poor

creature, thou art right; but thou knowest not my situation. I yield to necessity and my unfortunate destiny.'” This situation was the more painful to the Queen inasmuch as Louis XVI. had long accustomed himself to say nothing to her respecting State affairs; and when, towards the close of his reign, she was obliged to interfere in the most important matters, the same closeness in the King frequently kept from her particulars which it was proper she should know. Obtaining, therefore, only partial information, and guided by persons more ambitious than skilful, the Queen could not be useful in the grand march of affairs; yet, at the same time, her ostensible interference drew upon her from all parties and all classes of society an unpopularity, the rapid progress of which alarmed all those who were sincerely attached to her.

Led away by the brilliant language of the Archbishop of Sens, and encouraged in the confidence she placed in that minister by the incessant eulogies of the Abbé de Vermond on his abilities, the Queen unfortunately followed up her first mistake—that of bringing him into office—by the equally unfortunate error of supporting him at the time of his disgrace, which was conceded to the despair of a whole nation. She thought it was due to her dignity to give him some marked proof of her regard. Misguided by her feelings, she sent him her portrait enriched with jewellery, and a patent for a situation of lady of the palace for Madame de Canisy, his niece, observing that it was necessary to indemnify a minister sacrificed to Court intrigues and the

factionous spirit of the nation; that otherwise none would be found willing to devote themselves to the interests of the Sovereign. However, on the day of the Archbishop's departure, the public joy was universal both at Court and among the people of Paris. There were bonfires; the attorneys' clerks burnt the Archbishop in effigy, and on the very evening of his disgrace more than a hundred couriers were sent out from Versailles to spread the happy tidings among the country seats round Paris and Versailles.¹ I have since seen the Queen shed bitter tears at the recollection of the errors she committed at this period, when subsequently, a short time before her death, the Archbishop had the audacity to say, in a speech which was printed, that the sole object of one part of his operations, during his administration, was to promote the salutary crisis which the Revolution had produced.²

When the fruitless measure of the Assembly of the Notables³ and the rebellious spirit of the Parlia-

¹ The *Illustrations* (D) give some curious particulars respecting the circumstances which accompanied and followed the Archbishop's dismission.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

² We will here mention a caricature of the time, which shows the nature of the attacks which then began to be made against the throne and the most august personages. It represented the King at table with his consort; he had a glass in his hand; the Queen was raising a morsel to her lips; the people were crowding round the table with their mouths open. Below was written, "The King drinks; the Queen eats; the people cry out." ("Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI." vol. i.)—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

³ The Assembly of the Notables, as may be seen in Weber's *Memoirs*, vol. i., overthrew the plans and caused the downfall of M. de Calonne. A Prince of the Blood presided over each of the *bureaux* of that Assembly. Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., presided over the first. "Monsieur," says a paper of the time, "gained great reputation at the Assembly of the Notables in 1787. He did not miss attending his *bureau* a single day, and he displayed truly patriotic virtues. His care in discussing the weighty matters

ments had created the necessity for summoning the States-General, it was long discussed in Council whether they should be assembled at Versailles or at forty or fifty leagues from the capital. The Queen was for the latter course, and insisted to the King that they ought to be far away from the immense population of Paris. She began to fear that the people would influence the deliberations of the deputies. Several memorials were presented to the King upon that important question; but M. Necker's opinion prevailed, and Versailles was the place fixed upon, which affords room for the supposition that M. Necker, in his schemes—not supposing that the popular commotions, which he undoubtedly hoped to be able to regulate, would extend to the annihilation of the monarchy—calculated that they would be useful to him.

Politicians were occupied with the double representation granted to the Tiers-Etat; it was the sole topic of conversation; some foresaw all the inconveniences of the measure, while others overrated its advantages.

The Queen adopted the plan to which the King had agreed. She thought the hope of obtaining ecclesiastical favours would secure the clergy of the second Order, and that M. Necker felt assured that he

of administration, in throwing light upon them, and in defending the interests and the cause of the people, was such as even to inspire the King with some degree of jealousy. Monsieur always thought, and constantly said, openly, 'That a respectful resistance to the orders of the monarch was not blamable, and that authority might be met by argument, and forced to receive information, without any offence whatever.'"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

possessed the same degree of influence over the lawyers, and other people of that class, who formed the Third Estate. The Count d'Artois, holding the contrary opinion, presented a memorial in the names of himself and several Princes of the Blood to the King against the double representation granted to the Tiers-Etat. The Queen was displeased with him for this; her confidential advisers infused into her apprehensions that the Prince was made the tool of a party; but his conduct was approved of by Madame de Polignac's circle, which the Queen thenceforward frequented, merely to avoid the appearance of a change in her habits. She almost always returned unhappy. She was treated with the profound respect due to a Queen; but all the touching graces of friendship had vanished to make way for the duties of etiquette, which wounded her deeply. The existing coolness between her and the Count d'Artois was also very painful to her, for she had loved him as tenderly as if he had been her own brother.

The opening of the States-General took place on the 4th of May. The Queen on that occasion appeared, for the last time in her life, in regal magnificence.

I will not pass over unnoticed a well-known fact which proves that before this period a faction had begun its operations against this Princess. During the procession on the opening of the States-General some low women, on seeing the Queen pass, cried out, "Vive le Duc d'Orleans!" in so threatening a manner that she nearly fainted. She was obliged to be supported, and those about her were afraid it would be necessary to stop the procession. The Queen,

however, recovered herself, and much regretted that she had not been able to command more presence of mind.

The first sitting of the States took place on the following day. The King delivered his speech with firmness and dignity; the Queen told me that he had taken great pains about it, and repeated it frequently, that he might perfectly adapt it to the intonations of his voice.

His Majesty gave public marks of attachment and respect for the Queen, who was applauded; but it was easy to see that these applauses were in fact a homage rendered to the King alone.

It was evident during the first sittings that Mirabeau would be very dangerous to the Government. It is affirmed that at this period he communicated to the King, and still more fully to the Queen, a part of his scheme and his proposals for renouncing them. He had brandished the weapons afforded him by his eloquence and audacity, in order to treat with the party he meant to attack. This man played a game of revolution in order to make his fortune. The Queen told me that he asked for an embassy, and if my memory does not deceive me, it was that of Constantinople. He was refused with well-deserved contempt, though policy would doubtless have concealed it, could the future have been foreseen.

The general enthusiasm prevailing at the opening of this Assembly, and the debates between the Tiers-Etat, the Nobility, and even the Clergy, daily increased the alarm of Their Majesties, and all who were attached to the cause of monarchy; but this era of

our history is too well known, and has been already too ably described, to require that I should go into any further details than those which are peculiarly within my province.

The Queen went to bed late, or I should rather say that this unfortunate Princess began to lose the enjoyment of rest. One evening, about the latter end of May, she was sitting in the middle of her room, relating several remarkable occurrences of the day; four wax candles were placed upon her toilette; the first went out of itself, and I relighted it; shortly afterwards the second, and then the third, went out also; upon which the Queen, squeezing my hand with an emotion of terror, said to me, "Misfortune has power to make us superstitious; if the fourth taper should go out like the rest, nothing can prevent my looking upon it as a fatal omen." The fourth taper went out.

It was remarked to the Queen that the four tapers had probably been run in the same mould, and that a defect in the wick had naturally occurred at the same point in each, since the candles had all gone out in the order in which they had been lighted.

The deputies of the Tiers-Etat arrived at Versailles full of the strongest prejudices against the Court. The falsehoods of the metropolis never failing to spread themselves into the surrounding provinces, they believed that the King indulged in the pleasures of the table to a shameful excess; that the Queen was draining the Treasury of the State in order to satisfy the most unreasonable luxury: they

almost all determined to see Little Trianon. The extreme plainness of the retreat in question not answering the ideas they had formed, some of them insisted upon seeing the very smallest closets, saying that the richly furnished apartments were concealed from them. In short, they spoke of one which, according to them, was wholly ornamented with diamonds, and with wreathed columns studded with sapphires and rubies. The Queen could not get these foolish ideas out of her mind, and spoke to the King on the subject. From the description given of this room by the deputies to the keepers of Trianon, the King concluded that they were looking for the scene enriched with paste ornaments, made in the reign of Louis XV. for the theatre of Fontainebleau.

The King supposed that his body-guards, upon their return into the country, after having performed their quarterly duty at Court, related what they had seen, and that their exaggerated accounts being repeated became at last totally perverted. This first idea of the King, upon the search after the diamond chamber, suggested to the Queen that the mistake about the King's supposed propensity to drinking also sprang from the guards who accompanied his carriage when he hunted at Rambouillet. The King, who disliked sleeping out of his usual bed, was accustomed to leave that hunting-seat after supper. He generally slept soundly in his carriage, and awoke only on his arrival at the courtyard of his palace. He used to get down from his carriage in the midst of his body-guards staggering, as a man half awake

will do, which was mistaken for a state of intoxication.¹

The majority of the deputies, who came imbued with prejudices produced by error or malevolence, went to lodge with the most humble private individuals of Versailles, whose inconsiderate conversation contributed not a little to the nourishment of such mistaken notions. Everything, in short, tended to render the deputies subservient to the schemes of the leaders of the rebellion.

Shortly after the opening of the States-General the first Dauphin died. That young Prince fell, in a few months, from a florid state of health into the rickets, which curved his spine, lengthened his face, and rendered his legs so weak that he could not walk without being supported like a decayed old man.²

¹ It is curious to compare the following anecdote with the unjust censure thrown upon Louis XVI., the cause of which Madame Campan explains so naturally.

"Boursault's play of *Æsop at Court* contains a scene in which the Prince permits the courtiers to tell him his failings. They all join chorus in praising him beyond measure, with the exception of one, who reproaches him with loving wine and getting intoxicated, a dangerous vice in anyone, but especially in a King. Louis XV., in whom that disgusting propensity had almost grown into a habit, in the year 1739 found fault with Boursault's piece and forbade its performance at Court. After the death of that King, the time of mourning being expired, Louis XVI. commanded *Æsop at Court* for performance, found the play full of good sense, and proper for the instruction of Royalty, and directed that it should be often performed before him."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

² Louis, Dauphin of France, who died at Versailles on the 4th of June, 1789, gave promise of intellectual precocity. The following particulars, which convey some idea of his disposition and of the assiduous care bestowed upon him by the Duchess de Polignac, will be found in a work of that time.

"At two years old the Dauphin was very pretty; he articulated well, and answered questions put to him intelligently. While he was at La Muette everybody was at liberty to see him. Having received, in the presence of the visitors, a box of sweetmeats sent

How many maternal tears did his languishing condition, the certain forerunner of death, draw from the Queen, already overwhelmed with apprehensions respecting the state of the kingdom! Her grief was enhanced by petty intrigues, which, when frequently renewed, became intolerable. An open quarrel between the families and friends of the Duke d'Harcourt, the Dauphin's governor, and those of the Duchess de Polignac, his governess, added greatly to the Queen's affliction. The young Prince showed a strong dislike to the Duchess de Polignac, who attributed it either to the Duke or the Duchess d'Harcourt, and came to make her complaints respecting it to the Queen. It is true that the Dauphin twice sent her out of the room, saying to her, with that maturity of manner which languishing sickness always gives to children, "Go

him by the Queen with her portrait upon it, he said: 'Ah! that's mamma's picture.'

"The Dauphin was always dressed very plainly, like a sailor; there was nothing to distinguish him from other children in point of external appearance but the cross of Saint-Louis, the blue ribbon, and the Order of the Fleece, decorations particularly belonging to his birth.

"The Duchess Jules de Polignac, his governess, scarcely ever left him for a single instant; she gave up all the Court excursions and amusements in order to devote her whole attention to her precious charge.

"A truly affecting trait is related of the young Dauphin, whom death snatched from us. The Prince always manifested a great regard for M. de Bourset, his *valet de chambre*. After falling into a state of weakness, from the sickness of which he died, he one day asked for a pair of scissors; that gentleman reminded him that they were forbidden. The child insisted mildly, and they were obliged to yield to him. Having got the scissors, he cut off a lock of his hair, which he wrapped in a sheet of paper: 'There, sir' said he to his *valet de chambre*; 'there is the only present I can make you, having nothing at my command; but when I am dead you will present this pledge to my papa and mamma, and while they remember me I hope they will not forget you.'—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

out, Duchess; you are so fond of using perfumes, and they always make me ill"—and yet she never used any. The Queen perceived also that his prejudices against her friend extended to herself; her son would no longer speak in her presence. She had observed that he was fond of sugared sweetmeats, and offered him some marshmallow and jujube lozenges. The under-governors and the first *valet de chambre* requested her not to give the Dauphin anything, as he was to receive no food of any kind without the consent of the faculty. I forbear describing the wound this prohibition inflicted upon the Queen; she felt it the more deeply because she was aware it was unjustly believed she gave a decided preference to the Duke of Normandy, whose ruddy health and loveliness did, in truth, form a striking contrast to the languid look and melancholy disposition of his elder brother. At least she could not doubt that a project to deprive her of the affection of a child whom she loved as a good and tender mother ought, and whose sufferings made him an object of increased interest to her, had for some time existed. Previous to the audience granted by the King on the 10th of August, 1788, to the envoy of the Sultan Tippoo Saib, she had begged the Duke d'Harcourt to divert the Dauphin—whose deformity was already apparent—from his intention to be present at that ceremony, being unwilling to expose him in his then decrepit state to the gaze of the crowd of inquisitive Parisians who would be in the gallery. Notwithstanding this injunction, the Dauphin was suffered to write to his mother, requesting her per-

mission to be present at the audience. The Queen was obliged to refuse him, and warmly reproached the governor, who merely answered that he could not oppose the wishes of a sick child. A year before the death of the Dauphin, the Queen lost the Princess Sophie, who was not weaned. This first misfortune was, as the Queen said, the beginning of all that followed from that moment.¹

¹ The article dedicated to the memory of Louis XVI. in the "Biographie Universelle" makes no mention of the Princess Sophie. "This Prince," says the work in question, "had three children: Louis the Dauphin, who died in 1789, Louis XVII. and Marie Theresa Charlotte, now the Duchess d'Angoulême." The error, or rather the omission, is of little importance, but we are surprised, when the family of Louis XVI. is spoken of, to meet with this mistake in an article signed "Bonald."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III

Oath of the tennis court—Insurrection of the 14th of July—The King goes to the National Assembly—Anecdotes—Spectacle presented by the courtyard of the Castle of Versailles—Report that the National Assembly is threatened—The King's speech rebutting these odious suspicions—Anecdotes—Disposition of the troops—Departure of the Count d'Artois, the Prince de Condé and the Duke and Duchess de Polignac—The latter is recognised by a postilion, who saves her—The King goes to Paris—Alarm at Versailles—The Queen determines to go to the National Assembly—Affecting speech prepared by her—The King's return—Bailly's speech—Assassination of MM. Foulon and Berthier—Plans presented by M. Foulon to the King for arresting the progress of the Revolution—Horrid remark by Barnave—His repentance.

THE ever-memorable oath of the States-General, taken at the tennis court of Versailles, was followed by the Royal sitting of the 23rd of June. The Queen looked upon M. Necker's not accompanying the King as treachery or criminal cowardice. She said that he had converted a salutary remedy into poison; that, being in full popularity, his audacity had emboldened the factions and led away the whole Assembly, and that he was the more culpable inasmuch as he had, the evening before, given her his word to accompany the King to this sitting. In vain did M. Necker endeavour to excuse himself by saying that his advice had not been attended to.

Soon afterwards, the insurrections of the 11th, 12th

and 14th of July opened the disastrous drama with which France was threatened. The massacre of M. de Flesselles and M. de Launay drew bitter tears from the Queen, and the idea that the King had lost such devoted subjects wounded her to the heart.

The character of the insurrection was not merely that of a popular tumult; the cries of "Vive la nation!" "Vive le Roi!" "Vive la liberté!" threw the strongest light upon the extended plan of the reformers. Still the people spoke of the King with affection, and appeared to think his character favourable to the desire of the nation for the reform of what were called abuses; but they imagined that he was restrained by the opinions and influence of the Count d'Artois and the Queen; and those two august personages were therefore objects of hatred to the malcontents. The dangers incurred by the Count d'Artois determined the King's first step with the National Assembly. He attended there on the morning of the 15th of July with his brothers, without pomp or escort. He spoke standing and uncovered, and pronounced these memorable words: "Upon you I throw myself. It is my wish that I and the nation should be one, and, in full reliance on the affection and fidelity of my subjects, I have given orders to the troops to remove from Paris and Versailles." The King returned from the chamber of the National Assembly to his palace on foot; the deputies crowded after him and formed his escort, and that of the Princes who accompanied him. The rage of the populace was pointed against the Count d'Artois, whose unfavourable opinion of the double representation was an odious crime in their

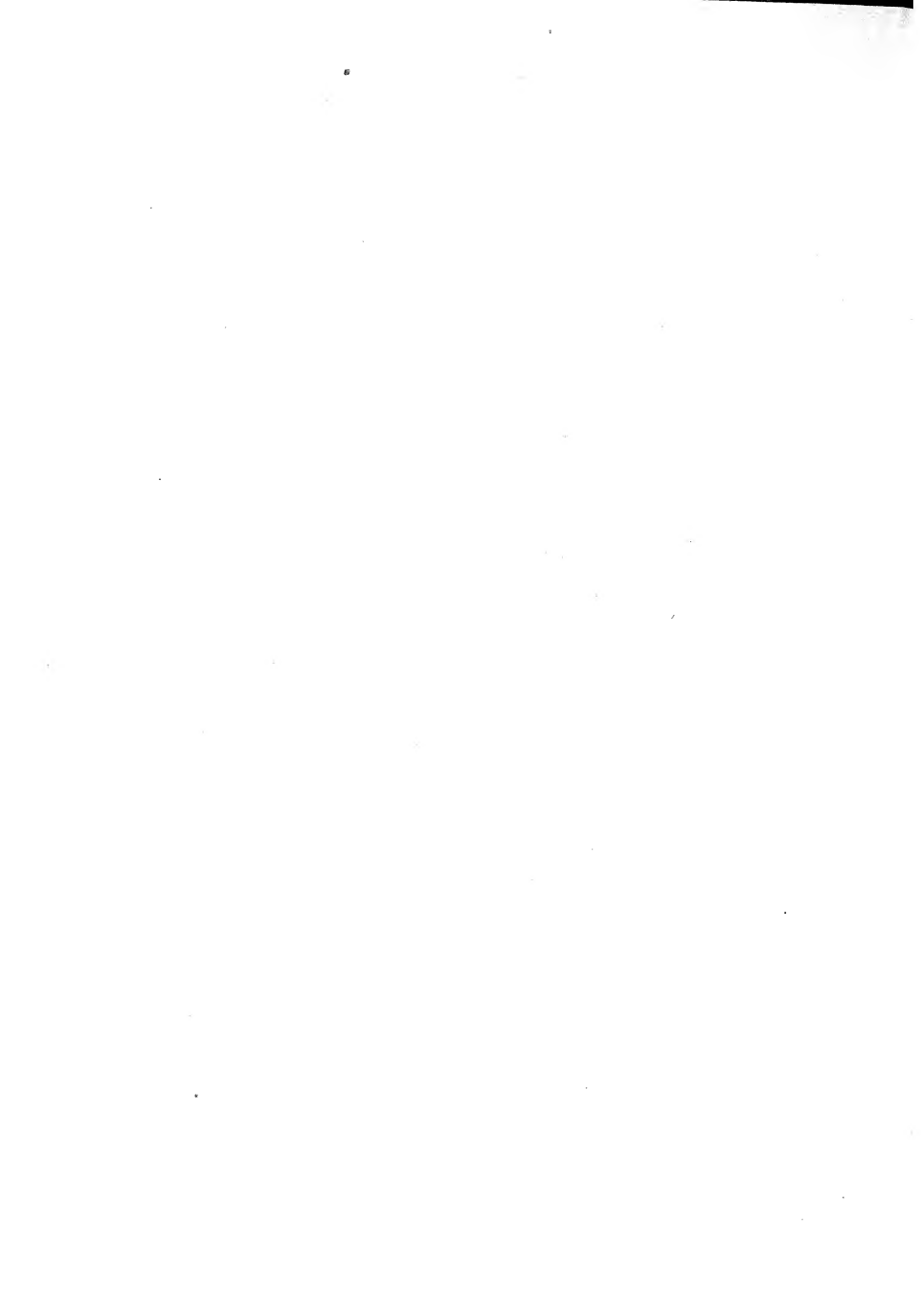
eyes. They repeatedly cried out, "The King for ever, in spite of you and your opinions, Monseigneur." One woman had the impudence to come up to the King and ask him whether what he had been doing was done sincerely, and whether he would not be forced to retract it.

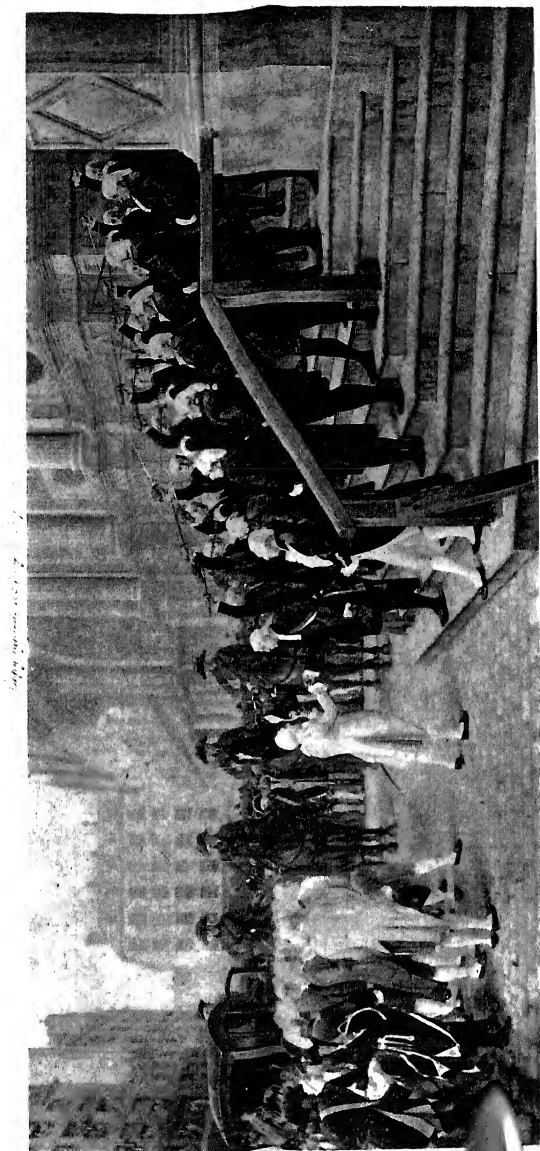
The courtyards of the castle were thronged with an immense concourse of people. They demanded that the King and Queen should make their appearance in the balcony with their children. The Queen gave me the key of the inner doors, which led to the Dauphin's apartments, and desired me to go to the Duchess de Polignac, to tell her that she wanted her son, and had directed me to bring him myself into her room, where she waited for him to show him to the people. The Duchess said this order indicated that she was not to accompany the Prince. I did not answer; she squeezed my hand, saying, "Ah! Madame Campan, what a blow for me!" She embraced the child with tears, and bestowed a similar mark of attachment upon myself. She knew how much I loved and valued the goodness and the noble frankness of her disposition. I endeavoured to compose her by saying that I should bring back the Prince to her; but she persisted, and said she understood the order and knew what it meant. She then retired into her private room, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. One of the sub-governesses asked me whether she might go with the Dauphin. I told her the Queen had given no order to the contrary, and we hastened to Her Majesty, who was waiting for the Prince, to show him from the balcony.

Having executed this painful commission, I went down into the courtyard, where I mingled with the crowd. I heard a thousand vociferations. It was easy to see, by the difference between the language and the dress of some persons among the mob, that they were in disguise. A woman, whose face was covered with a black lace veil, seized me by the arm with some degree of violence and said, calling me by my name, "I know you very well. Tell your Queen not to meddle with government any longer. Let her leave her husband and our good States-General to effect the happiness of the people." At the same moment a man, dressed much in the style of a market man, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, seized me by the other arm and said, "Yes, yes; tell her over and over again that it will not be with these States as with the others, which produced no good to the people; that the nation is too enlightened in 1789 not to make something more of them, and that there will not now be seen a deputy of the Tiers-Etat making a speech with one knee on the ground. Tell her this, do you hear?" I was struck with dread. The Queen then appeared in the balcony. "Ah!" said the woman in the veil, "the Duchess is not with her." "No," replied the man; "but she is still at Versailles. She is working underground, mole-like; but we shall know how to dig her out." The detestable pair moved away from me, and I re-entered the palace, scarcely able to support myself. I thought it my duty to relate the dialogue of these two strangers to the Queen. She made me repeat the particulars to the King.

*LOUIS XVI ATTENDS THE NATIONAL
ASSEMBLY, JULY 17, 1789*

After the painting by Jean-Paul Laurens







About four in the afternoon I went across the terrace to Madame Victoire's apartments; three men had stopped under the windows of the throne-chamber. "Here is that throne," said one of them aloud, "the vestiges of which will soon be sought for in vain." He added a thousand invectives against Their Majesties. I went in to the Princess, who was at work alone in her closet, behind a canvas blind, which prevented her from being seen by those without. The three men were still walking upon the terrace; I showed them to her, and told her what they had said. She rose to take a nearer view of them, and informed me that one of them was named Saint-Huruge; that he was a creature of the Duke d'Orleans, and was furious against government because he had been confined once under a *lettre-de-cachet* as a bad character.

The King was not ignorant of all these popular threats; he also knew the days on which money was scattered about Paris, and once or twice the Queen prevented my going there, saying there would certainly be a riot the next day, because she knew that a quantity of crown pieces had been distributed in the faubourgs.¹

On the evening of the 14th of July the King came to the Queen's apartments, where I was with Her Majesty alone. He conversed with her respecting the horrid report disseminated by the factious, that he had

¹ I have seen a six-franc crown piece, which certainly served to pay some wretch on the night of the 12th of July; the words "*Midnight, 12th of July, three pistols,*" were rather deeply engraven on it. They no doubt communicated a signal for the first insurrection.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

had the chamber of the National Assembly undermined in order to blow it up ; but, he added, that it became him to treat such silly assertions with contempt, as usual. I ventured to tell him that I had, the evening before, supped with M. Begouen, one of the deputies, who said that there were very respectable persons who thought that this horrible contrivance had been proposed without the King's knowledge. "Then," said His Majesty, "as the idea of such an atrocity did not seem absurd to so worthy a man as M. Begouen, I will order the chamber to be examined early to-morrow morning." In fact, it will be seen by the King's speech to the National Assembly on the 15th of July that the suspicions excited deserved his attention. "I know," says he in the speech in question, "that unworthy insinuations have been spread about ; I know there are those who have dared to assert that your persons are not safe. Can it be necessary to give you assurances upon the subject of reports so culpable, which a knowledge of my disposition ought to have refuted in their origin ? "

The proceedings of the 15th of July produced no mitigation of the disturbances. Successive deputations of *poissardes* came to request the King to visit Paris, where his presence alone would put an end to the insurrection.

On the 16th a committee was held in the King's apartments, at which a most important question was discussed—whether His Majesty should quit Versailles and set off with the troops, whom he had recently ordered to withdraw, or go to Paris to tranquillise the minds of the people. The Queen was for the departure.

On the evening of the 15th she made me take all her jewels out of their cases, to collect them in one small box, which she might carry off in her own carriage. With my assistance she burnt a large quantity of papers, for Versailles was then threatened with an early visit of armed men from Paris.

The Queen, on the morning of the 16th, before attending another committee at the King's, having got her jewels ready and looked over all her papers, gave me one folded up but not sealed, and desired me not to read it until she should give me an order to do so from the King, and that then I was to execute its contents. But she returned herself about ten in the morning; the affair was decided; the army was to go away without the King; all those who were in imminent danger were to go at the same time. "The King will go to the Hôtel de Ville to-morrow," said the Queen to me. "He did not choose this course for himself; there were long debates on the question; at last the King put an end to them, by rising and saying, '*Well, gentlemen, we must decide; am I to go or to stay? I am ready to do either.*' The majority were for the King's stay; the time will show whether the right choice has been made." I returned the Queen the paper she had given me, which was now useless. She read it to me; it contained her orders for the departure. I was to go with her, as well on account of my office about her person as to serve as a governess to Madam. The Queen tore the paper and said, with tears in her eyes, "When I wrote this, I thought it would be useful; but fate has ordered otherwise, to the misfortune of us all, as I much fear."

After the departure of the troops, the new Administration received thanks; M. Necker was recalled. The artillery soldiers were undoubtedly corrupted. "Wherefore all these guns?" exclaimed the crowds of women who filled the streets. "Will you kill your mothers, your wives, your children?" "Don't be afraid," answered the soldiers; "these guns shall sooner be levelled against the tyrant's palace than against you."

The Count d'Artois, the Prince de Condé and their children set off at the same time with the troops.¹ The Duke and Duchess de Polignac, their daughter the Duchess de Guiche, the Countess Diana de Polignac, the Duke's sister and the Abbé de Balivière, also emigrated on the same night. Nothing could be more affecting than the parting of the Queen and her friend: the extremes of misfortune had banished from their minds the recollection of differences, to which

¹ A few particulars, honourable to the bravery of the Prince de Condé and relative to the birth of the Duke d'Enghien, which latter appear the more remarkable and affecting, when compared with his tragical end, will not be read without interest.

The Prince de Condé acquired reputation in his youth. Instances were related of his courageous behaviour at the battle of Artenback, in the Seven Years' War. It was said that on being requested to remove ten paces to the left in order to avoid the fire of a battery which was making horrid slaughter by his side, he replied to M. de Touraille, "I find none of these precautions in the history of the Great Condé."

He afterwards distinguished himself at the battle of Minden, in 1759, charging the enemy at the head of his reserve, over a piece of meadow strewed with the bodies of officers of the *gendarmérie* and carbineers. His talents displayed themselves to still greater advantage when he had a separate body of troops under his command, with which he gained several advantages over the Prince of Brunswick. Louis XV., by way of reward, gave him the enemy's cannon; and the Prince of Brunswick, afterwards visiting him at Chantilly and not finding the guns there, the Prince de Condé having had them removed out of sight, said, "You were determined to conquer me twice—in war by your arms, and by

political opinions alone had given rise. The Queen several times wished to go and embrace her once more after their sorrowful adieu, but her motions were too closely watched, and she was compelled to forego this last consolation. She, however, desired M. Campan to be present at the departure of the Duchess, and gave him a purse of 500 louis, requesting him to insist upon her allowing the Queen to lend her that sum, to defray her expenses on the road. The Queen added that she knew her situation, that she had often calculated her income, and the expenses occasioned by her place at Court; that both husband and wife, having no other fortune than their official salaries, could not possibly have saved anything, however differently people might think at Paris. M. Campan remained till midnight with the Duchess to see her get into her carriage. She was disguised

your forbearance in peace." The battle of Johannisberg carried his reputation to its height, for with an inferior reserve, he gained a complete victory over Prince Ferdinand. He held his council of war in the midst of a fire of musketry and remained master of the field of battle.

The Duke de Bourbon, the son of the Prince de Condé, when scarcely past childhood, became enamoured of Mademoiselle d'Orléans and showed so much attachment that he was married to that Princess at the age of fourteen, though she was more than six years older than himself.* But it was determined that he should travel a year or two before he should be suffered to cohabit with his wife; he eluded the vigilance of those appointed to watch him and carried her off from the convent in which she was placed. The Duchess de Bourbon was brought to bed of the Duke d'Enghien, in 1771, after having suffered pains which women alone can conceive for forty-eight hours. The child was born perfectly black and motionless. He was wrapped in linen, steeped in spirit of wine; but this experiment had nearly proved fatal to him, for by some means the linen took fire. The accident was, however, prevented from becoming fatal by the care of the accoucheur and physician.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

* It was on occasion of this marriage that Laujon composed his pretty piece, called *The Lover of Fifteen*.

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On the breaking out of these disturbances an old man, above seventy years of age, gave the Queen an extraordinary proof of attachment and fidelity. M. Peraque, a rich inhabitant of the colonies, father of M. d'Oudenarde, was coming from Brussels to Paris; while changing horses he was met by a young man who was leaving France, and who recommended him if he brought any letters from foreign countries to burn them immediately, especially if he had any for the Queen. M. Peraque had one from the Archduchess, the Governante of the Low Countries, for Her Majesty. He thanked the stranger, and carefully concealed his packet; but as he approached Paris the insurrection appeared to him so general

and so violent that he thought no means could be relied on for securing this letter from seizure. He took upon him to unseal it, and learned it by heart, which was a wonderful effort for a man at his time of life, as it contained four pages of writing. On his arrival at Paris he wrote it down, and then presented it to the Queen, telling her that the feelings of an old and faithful subject had given him courage to form and execute such a resolution. The Queen received M. Peraque in her closet and expressed her gratitude in an affecting manner, most honourable to the respectable old man. Her Majesty thought the young stranger who had apprised him of the state of Paris was Prince George, of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was much attached to her, and who left Paris at that very time.

The Marchioness de Tourzel succeeded the Duchess de Polignac. She was selected by the Queen as being the mother of a family and a woman of irreproachable conduct, and who had superintended the education of her own daughters with the greatest success.

The King went to Paris on the 17th of July, accompanied by the Marshal de Beauvau, the Duke de Villeroy, and the Duke de Villequier; he also took the Count d'Estaing¹ and the Marquis de Nesle, who were then very popular, with him in his carriage. Twelve body-guards and the town-guard of Versailles escorted him to the Pont-du-Jour, near Sèvres, where the Parisian guard was waiting for him. His depar-

¹ The Count used to go and dine with the butchers at Versailles, and flattered the people by the meanest condescensions.—
NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

as a *femme de chambre*, and got up in front of the berlin. She requested M. Campan to speak of her frequently to the Queen, and then quitted for ever that palace, that favour and that influence which had raised her up such cruel enemies. On their arrival at Sens the travellers found the people in a state of insurrection; they asked all those who came from Paris whether the Polignacs were still with the Queen. A group of inquisitive persons put that question to the Abbé de Balivière, who answered them in the firmest tone, and with the most cavalier air, that they were far enough from Versailles, and that we had got rid of all such bad people. At the following stage the postilion got upon the doorstep and said to the Duchess, "Madam, there are some good people left in the world; I recognised you all at Sens." They gave the worthy fellow a handful of gold.

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NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

ture caused equal grief and alarm to his friends, notwithstanding the calmness he evinced. The Queen restrained her tears and shut herself up in her private rooms with her family. She sent for several persons belonging to her Court. Their doors were locked; terror had driven them away. A deadly silence reigned throughout the palace; fear was at its height; the King was hardly expected to return.¹ The Queen had a robe prepared for her, and sent orders to her stables to have all her equipages ready. She wrote an address of a few lines for the Assembly, determining to go thither with her family, the officers of her palace and her servants, if the King should be detained prisoner at Paris. She got this address by heart. I remember it began with these words: "Gentlemen, I come to place in your hands the wife and family of your Sovereign; do not suffer those who have been united in heaven to be put asunder on earth." While she was repeating this address her voice was often interrupted by her tears, and by the sorrowful exclamation, "They will never let him return!"

It was past four when the King, who had left Versailles at ten in the morning, entered the Hôtel de Ville. At length, at six in the evening, M. de Lastours, the King's first page, arrived; he was not half an hour in coming from the Barrière de la Conférence to Versailles. Everybody knows that the moment of calm at Paris was that in which the Sovereign received the tricoloured cockade from M. Bailly, and placed

¹ For the particulars of this journey, see Ferrière's Memoirs, where they are related with equal feeling and sincerity.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

it in his hat. A shout of "Vive le Roi!" arose on all sides; it had not been once uttered before. The King breathed again at that moment, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed that his heart stood in need of such shouts from the people. One of his equerries (M. de Cubières) told him the people loved him, and that he ought never to have doubted it. The King replied in accents of profound sensibility: "Cubières, the French loved Henry IV., and what King ever better deserved to be beloved?"¹

His return to Versailles filled his family with inexpressible joy. In the arms of the Queen, his sister, and his children, he congratulated himself that no accident had happened, and it was then that he repeated several times, "Happily, no blood has been shed, and I swear that never shall a drop of French blood be shed by my order"—a determination full of humanity, but too openly avowed in such factious times!

¹ Louis XVI. cherished the memory of Henry IV. He at that moment thought of his deplorable end; but he long before regarded him as a model for himself. This is what Soulavie says on the subject:

"A tablet, with the inscription *Resurrexit*, placed upon the pedestal of the statue of Henry IV. on the accession of Louis XVI. flattered him exceedingly. '*What a fine compliment would that be,*' said he, '*were it but true. Tacitus himself never wrote anything so concise or so happy.*'"

"Louis XVI. wished to take the reign of that Prince for a model. In the following year the party that raised a commotion among the people on account of the dearness of corn removed the tablet inscribed *Resurrexit* from the statue of Henry IV. and placed it under that of Louis XV., whose memory was then detested. Louis XVI., who was informed of it, withdrew into his private apartments, where he was found in a fever shedding tears; and during the whole of that day he could not be prevailed upon either to dine, walk out, or sup. From this circumstance we may judge what he endured at the commencement of the Revolution, when he was accused of not loving the French people."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The King's last measure raised a hope in many that general tranquillity would soon enable the Assembly to resume its labours and bring its session to a close. The Queen never flattered herself with so favourable a result. M. Bailly's speech to the King equally wounded her pride and hurt her feelings: "Henry IV. conquered his people, and here are the people conquering their King." The word *conquest* offended her; she never forgave M. Bailly for his fine academical antithesis.

Five days after the King's visit to Paris, the departure of the troops, and the removal of the Princes and some of the nobility, whose influence seemed to alarm the people, a horrible deed, committed by hired assassins, proved that the King had descended from his throne without having effected a reconciliation with his people.

M. Foulon, who was added to the administration while M. de Broglie was commanding the army assembled at Versailles, had concealed himself at Viry. He was there recognised, and the peasants seized him and dragged him to the Hôtel de Ville. The cry for death was heard in the Assembly. The electors, the members of the committee, and M. de la Fayette, at that time the idol of Paris, in vain endeavoured to save the unfortunate man. After tormenting him in a manner the particulars of which make humanity shudder, his body was dragged about the streets and to the Palais Royal, and his heart was carried—shall I tell it?—by women—in the midst of a bunch of white carnations.¹

¹ This horrible circumstance is related nowhere else. No historian, no record of the time, makes any mention of it. It is

M. Berthier, M. Foulon's son-in-law, intendant of Paris, was seized at Compiègne at the same time that his father-in-law was seized at Viry, and treated with still more relentless cruelty.

The Queen was always persuaded that this horrible deed was occasioned by some piece of indiscretion; and she imparted to me that M. Foulon had drawn up two memorials for the direction of the King's conduct at the time of his being called to Court on the removal of M. Necker; and that these memorials contained two schemes, of totally different nature, for extricating the King from the dreadful situation in which he was placed. In the first of these projects, M. Foulon expressed himself without reserve respecting the criminal views of the Duke d'Orleans; said that he ought to be put under arrest, and that no time should be lost in commencing a prosecution against him while the criminal tribunals were still in existence. He likewise pointed out such deputies as should be apprehended at the same time, and advised the King not to part with his army until order was restored.

His other plan was that the King ought to make himself master of the Revolution before its complete explosion. He advised His Majesty to go to the Assembly, and there, in person, to demand the minute books and papers, and to make the greatest sacrifices to satisfy the legitimate wishes of the people, and not to give the factious time to enlist them in aid of their criminal designs. Madame Adelaide had

probable the fact never took place—at least, for the honour of humanity, we ought to believe so.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

M. Foulon's two memorials read to her in the presence of four or five persons. One of them¹ was very intimate with Madame de Staël, and that intimacy gave the Queen reason to believe that the opposite party had gained information of M. Foulon's schemes.

It is known that young Barnave, during a lamentable aberration of mind, since expiated by sincere repentance, and even by death, uttered these atrocious words, "Is then the blood now flowing so pure?" when M. Berthier's son came to the Assembly to invoke the eloquence and filial piety of M. de Lally to entreat that body to save his father's life. I have since been informed that a son of M. Foulon, having returned to France after these first ebullitions of the Revolution, saw Barnave, and gave him one of those memorials, in which M. Foulon advised Louis XVI. to prevent the revolutionary explosion by voluntarily granting all that the Assembly required before the 14th of July. "Read this memorial," said he; "I have brought it to increase your remorse; it is the only revenge I wish to inflict on you." Barnave burst into tears, and said all that the profoundest grief could dictate.

¹ Count Louis de Narbonne.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

CHAPTER IV

Creation of the National Guard—Departure of the Abbé de Vermond—The French guards quit Versailles—Entertainment given by the body-guards to the regiment of Flanders—The King, the Queen and the Dauphin are present at it—Proceedings of the 5th and 6th of October—Detestable threats against the Queen—Devotedness of one of the body-guard—The life of Marie Antoinette in danger—The Royal Family repair to Paris—Residence at the Tuileries—Change of feeling—The Queen applauded with enthusiasm by the women of the populace—Private life—Ingenuous observations of the Dauphin—Affecting anecdote—It is proposed to the Queen to quit her family and France—Her noble refusal—She devotes her attention to the education of her children—Picture of the Court—Anecdote respecting Luckner—Exasperating state of feeling.

AFTER the 14th of July, by a manœuvre for which the most skilful factions of any age might have envied the Assembly, the whole population of France was armed and organised into a National Guard. A report was spread throughout France on the same day, and almost at the same hour, that four thousand brigands were marching towards such towns or villages as it was wished to induce to take up arms. Never was any plan better laid; terror instantly spread all over the kingdom, and found its way into the most retired districts. In 1791 a peasant showed me a steep rock in the mountains of the Mont d'Or on which his wife concealed herself on the day when the four thousand brigands were to attack their village, and told me

they had been obliged to make use of ropes to let her down from the place which fear alone had enabled her to climb.

Versailles was certainly the place where the national military uniform appeared most offensive. All the King's valets, even of the lowest class, were metamorphosed into lieutenants or captains; all the musicians of the chapel ventured one day to make their appearance at the King's Mass in a military costume; and an *Italian soprano* sang a motet in the garb of a grenadier captain. The King was very much offended at this conduct, and forbade his servants to appear in his presence in so unbecoming a dress.

The departure of the Duchess de Polignac naturally left the Abbé de Vermond exposed to all the dangers of favouritism. He was already talked of as an adviser dangerous to the nation. The Queen was alarmed at it, and recommended him to remove to Valenciennes, where Count Esterhazy was in command. He was obliged to leave that place in a few days and set off for Vienna, where he remained ever after.

On the night of the 17th of July the Queen, being unable to sleep, made me watch by her until three in the morning. I was extremely surprised to hear her say that it would be a very long time before the Abbé de Vermond would make his appearance at Court again, even if the existing ferment should subside, because he would not readily be forgiven for his attachment to the Archbishop of Sens, and that she had lost in him a very devoted servant. Then, on a sudden, she remarked to me that, although he was not much prejudiced against me, I could

not have much regard for him, because he could nor bear my father-in-law to hold the place of secretary of the closet. She went on to say that I must have studied the Abbé's character, and, as I had sometimes drawn her portraits of living characters, in imitation of those which were fashionable in the time of Louis XIV., she desired me to sketch that of the Abbé, as its features struck me, without any reserve. My astonishment was extreme; the Queen spoke of the man who, the day before, had been in the greatest intimacy with her with the utmost coolness, and as a person whom, perhaps, she might never see again! I remained petrified; the Queen persisted, and told me that he had been the enemy of my family for more than twelve years, without having been able to injure it in her opinion; so that I had no occasion to dread his return, however severely I might depict him. I promptly collected my ideas about the favourite; but I only remember that the portrait was drawn with sincerity, except that everything which could denote hatred was kept out of it. I shall quote but one extract from it: I said that he had been born talkative and indiscreet, and had assumed a character of singularity and bluntness in order to conceal those two failings. The Queen interrupted me by saying, "Ah! how true that is!" I have since that time had an opportunity of discovering that, notwithstanding the high favour which the Abbé de Vermond enjoyed, the Queen took precautions to guard herself against an ascendancy the consequences of which she could not calculate.

On the death of my father-in-law his executors placed in my hands a box containing a few jewels, deposited by the Queen with M. Campan upon the departure from Versailles of the 6th of October, and two sealed packets, each inscribed, "Campan will take care of these papers for me." I took the two packets to Her Majesty, who kept the jewels and the larger packet, and, returning me the smaller, said, "Take care of that for me as your father-in-law did."

After the fatal 10th of August, 1792, at the moment when my house was about to be surrounded, I determined to burn the most interesting papers of which I was the depositary; I thought it, however, my duty to open this packet, which it might perhaps be necessary for me to preserve at all hazards. I saw that it contained a letter from the Abbé de Vermond to the Queen. I have already related that in the earlier days of Madame de Polignac's favour he determined to remove from Versailles, and that the Queen had recalled him by means of the Count de Mercy. This letter contained nothing but certain conditions for his return. It was the most whimsical of treaties; I confess I greatly regretted being under the necessity of destroying it. He reproached the Queen with her infatuation for the Countess Jules, her family and associates, and told her several truths about the possible unfortunate consequences of a friendship which ranked that young lady among the favourites of Queens of France, a title always disliked by the nation. He complained that his advice was neglected, and then came to the conditions of his return to Versailles. After strong assurances that he

would never in all his life aim at the higher Church dignities, he said that he delighted in an unbounded confidence, and that he asked but two things of Her Majesty as essential: the first was, not to give him her orders through any third person, but to write to him herself; he complained much that he had had no letter in her own hand since he had left Vienna; then he demanded of her an income of 80,000 livres, in ecclesiastical benefices; and concluded by saying that if she condescended to assure him herself that she would set about procuring him what he wished, her letter would be sufficient in itself to show him that Her Majesty had accepted the two conditions he ventured to make respecting his return. No doubt the letter was written; at least it is very certain that the benefices were granted, and that his absence from Versailles lasted only a single week.

In the course of July, 1789, the regiment of French guards, which had been in a state of insurrection from the latter end of June, abandoned its colours. One single company of grenadiers remained faithful to its post at Versailles. The Baron de Leval commanded this company. He came every evening to request me to give the Queen an account of the disposition of his soldiers; but M. de la Fayette having sent them a note, they also deserted during the night and joined their comrades, who were enrolled in the Paris guard; so that Louis XVI. on rising saw no guard whatever at the various posts.

The mad decrees of the 4th of August, by which all privileges were abolished, are well known.¹ The

1 "It was during the night of the 4th of August," says Rivarol,

King sanctioned all that tended to the diminution of his own personal gratifications; but refused his consent to the other decrees of that tumultuous night. This refusal was one of the chief causes of the ferments of the month of October.

In the early part of September meetings were held at the Palais Royal, and propositions made to go to Versailles. It was said to be necessary to separate the King from his evil counsellors, and keep him, as well as the Dauphin, at the Louvre. The proclamations by the municipal officers of the district for the restoration of tranquillity were ineffectual; but M. de la Fayette succeeded this time in dispersing the populace. The Assembly declared itself permanent; and during the whole of September, in which no doubt the preparations were made for the great insurrections of the following month, the Court was not disturbed.

"that the demagogues of the Nobility, wearied with a protracted discussion upon the rights of man, and burning to signalise their zeal, rose all at once, and with loud exclamations called for the last sighs of the feudal system. This demand electrified the Assembly.

"All heads were frenzied. The younger sons of good families, having nothing, were delighted to sacrifice their too fortunate elders upon the altar of the country; a few country curates felt no less pleasure in renouncing the benefices of others; but what posterity will hardly believe is that the same enthusiasm infected the whole Nobility; zeal walked hand in hand with malevolence; they made sacrifice upon sacrifice. And as in Japan the point of honour lies in a man's killing himself in the presence of a person who has offended him, so did the deputies of the Nobility vie in striking at themselves and their constituents. The people who were present at this noble conflict increased the intoxication of their new allies by their shouts; and the deputies of the Commons, seeing that this memorable night would only afford them profit without honour, consoled their vanity by wondering at what Nobility, grafted upon the Third Estate, could do. They named that night 'The night of dupes'; the Nobles called it 'The night of sacrifices.'"

—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

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She ordered me to go, and desired me
everything closely in order to give a faithful account
of the whole affair.

The tables were set out upon the stage; around
them were placed one of the body-guard and an
officer of the Flanders regiment alternately. There
was a numerous orchestra in the room, and the boxes
were filled with spectators. The air, "O Richard!
O mon Roi!" was played, and shouts of "Vive le
Roi!" shook the roof for several minutes. I had
with me one of my nieces and a young person
brought up with Madame by Her Majesty. They
were crying "Vive le Roi!" with all their might
when a deputy of the Third Estate, who was in the
next box to mine, and whom I had never seen,
called to them and reproached them for their ex-
clamations; it hurt him, he said, to see young and
handsome Frenchwomen brought up in such servile

habits, screaming so outrageously for the life of one man, and with true fanaticism exalting him in their hearts above even their dearest relations. He told them what contempt worthy American women would feel on seeing Frenchwomen thus corrupted from their earliest infancy. My niece replied with tolerable spirit; and I requested the deputy to put an end to the subject, which could by no means produce him any satisfaction, inasmuch as the young persons who were with me lived, as well as myself, for the sole purpose of serving and loving the King. While I was thus checking the conversation, what was my astonishment at seeing the King, the Queen and the Dauphin enter the theatre! It was M. de Luxembourg who had effected this change of determination in the Queen.

A general enthusiasm prevailed. The moment Their Majesties arrived, the orchestra renewed the air I have just mentioned, and afterwards played a song in *The Deserter*, "Can we grieve those whom we love?" which also made a powerful impression upon those present. On all sides were heard praises of Their Majesties, exclamations of affection, expressions of regret for what they had suffered, clapping of hands, and shouts of "Vive le Roi!" "Vive la Reine!" "Vive le Dauphin!" It has been said that white cockades were worn on this occasion. That was not the case; the fact is, that a few young men belonging to the National Guard of Versailles, who were invited to the entertainment, turned the white lining of their national cockades outwards. All the military men quitted the theatre and re-

conducted the King and his family to their apartments. There was a mixture of intoxication with all these ebullitions of joy: a thousand extravagances were committed by the military, and many of them danced under the King's windows; a soldier belonging to the Flanders regiment climbed up to the balcony of the King's chamber in order to shout "Vive le Roi!" nearer His Majesty. This very soldier, as I have been told by several officers of the corps, was one of the first and most dangerous of the insurgents in the riots of the 5th and 6th of October. On the same evening another soldier of that regiment killed himself with a sword. One of my relations, chaplain to the Queen, who supped with me, saw him stretched out in a corner of the Place d'Armes; he went to him to give him spiritual assistance, and received his confession and his last sighs. He destroyed himself from regret at having suffered himself to be corrupted by the enemies of his King, and said that since he had seen him, and the Queen and Dauphin, remorse had turned his brain.

I returned home delighted with all that I had seen. I found a great many people there. M. de Beaumetz, deputy for Arras, listened to my description with a chilling air, and when I had finished, told me that all that had passed was terrific; that he knew the disposition of the Assembly, and that the greatest misfortunes would follow close upon the drama of that night, and he begged my leave to withdraw that he might take time for deliberate reflection whether he should on the very next day emigrate, or pass over to the left side of the Assembly.

people was a part of the original plan of the factious, insomuch as, ever since the beginning of September, a report had been industriously circulated that the King intended to withdraw, with his family and ministers, to some stronghold; and at all the popular assemblies there had been always much said about going to Versailles to seize the King.

At first only women showed themselves; the grated doors of the castle were closed, and the body-guard and Flanders regiment were drawn up in the Place d'Armes. As the details of that dreadful day are given with precision in several works, I will only observe that consternation and disorder reigned throughout the interior of the castle.

I was not in attendance on the Queen at this time. M. Campan remained with her till two in the morning. As he was leaving her, she condescendingly, and with infinite kindness, desired him to make me easy as to the dangers of the moment, and to repeat to me M. de la Fayette's own words, which he had just used on soliciting the Royal Family to retire to bed, undertaking to answer for his army.

The Queen was far from relying upon M. de la Fayette's loyalty; but she has often told me that she believed on that day that La Fayette, having affirmed to the King, in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, that he would answer for the army of Paris, would not risk his honour as a commander, and was sure of being able to redeem his pledge. She also thought the Parisian army was wholly devoted to him, and that all he said about his being forced to march upon Versailles was mere pretence.

He adopted the latter course, and never appeared again among my associates.

On the 2nd of October the military entertainment was followed up by a breakfast given at the hotel of the body-guards. It is said that a discussion took place whether they should not march against the Assembly; but I am utterly ignorant of what passed at that breakfast. From that moment Paris was constantly in commotion; there were continual mobs, and the most virulent proposals were heard in all public places; the conversation was invariably about proceeding to Versailles. The King and Queen did not seem apprehensive of such a measure, and took no precaution against it. Even when the army had actually left Paris, on the evening of the 5th of October, the King was shooting at Meudon, and the Queen was entirely alone in her gardens at Trianon, which she then beheld for the last time in her life. She was sitting in her grotto, absorbed in painful reflection, when she received a note from the Count de Saint-Priest, entreating her to return to Versailles. M. de Cubières at the same time went off to request that the King would leave his sport and return to his palace; the King did so on horseback, and very leisurely. A few minutes afterwards he was informed that a numerous body of women, which preceded the Parisian army, was at Chaville, at the entrance of the avenue from Paris.

The scarcity of bread and the entertainment of the body-guards were the pretexts for the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of October; but it is clear to demonstration that this new movement of the

people was a part of the original plan of the factious, insomuch as, ever since the beginning of September, a report had been industriously circulated that the King intended to withdraw, with his family and ministers, to some stronghold; and at all the popular assemblies there had been always much said about going to Versailles to seize the King.

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On the first intimation of the march of the Parisians, the Count de Saint-Priest prepared Rambouillet for the reception of the King, his family and suite, and the carriages were even drawn out; but a few cries of "Vive le Roi!" when the women reported His Majesty's favourable answer, occasioned the intention of going away to be given up, and orders were given to the troops to withdraw.¹ The body-guards were, however, assailed with stones and musketry while they were passing from the Place d'Armes to their hotel. Alarm revived; again it was thought necessary that the Royal Family should go away; some carriages still remained ready for travelling; they were called for; they were stopped by a wretched player belonging to the theatre of the town, seconded by the mob: the opportunity for flight had been missed.

The insurrection was directed against the Queen in particular. I shudder even now at the recollection of the *poissardes*, or rather furies, who wore white aprons, which, they screamed out, were intended to receive the bowels of Marie Antoinette, and that they would make

¹ We shall not urge the necessity of comparing this account with the particulars given in the Memoirs of Ferrières, Weber and Bailly; all those readers who desire information will feel the utility of this research. But a still more important testimony exists respecting these events, which had so unfortunate an influence; it is the testimony of a person who was at the time one of the King's ministers: it is, in short, the testimony of the very Count de Saint-Priest, who is mentioned in this passage of Madame Campan's Memoirs. M. de Saint-Priest, whose rank at Court, whose place in the council, and whose attachment for the King, enabled him to see and know all that was passing, has left a valuable account of events which his advice might have prevented, or at least delayed, if it had been followed. We owe this account to the kindness of M. de Saint-Priest, the Minister's son. It will be found among the *Historical Illustrations* (No. 2).—

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

cockades of them; mixing the most obscene expressions with these horrible threats. Such are the atrocious sentiments with which the ignorance and cruelty, to be found in the mass of every populace, can inspire them in times of disturbance! So necessary is it that a vigorous and parental authority should, while it defends good citizens against their own failings, also guard them against all the calamities brought on by factions.

The Queen went to bed at two in the morning and went to sleep, being tired out with the events of so distressing a day. She had ordered her two women to go to bed, imagining there was nothing to dread, at least, for that night; but the unfortunate Princess was indebted for her life to that feeling of attachment which prevented their obeying her. My sister, who was one of the two ladies in question, informed me the next day of all that I am about to relate.

On leaving the Queen's bed-chamber these ladies called their *femmes de chambre*, and all the four remained sitting together against Her Majesty's bedroom door. About half-past four in the morning they heard horrible yells and discharges of firearms. One ran in to the Queen to awaken her and get her out of bed; my sister flew to the place from which the tumult seemed to proceed. She opened the door of the ante-chamber which leads to the great guard-room, and beheld one of the body-guard holding his musket across the door, and attacked by a mob who were striking at him. His face was covered with blood. He turned round and exclaimed, "Save the Queen, madam! they are come to assassinate her." She hastily shut the door upon

the unfortunate victim of duty, fastened it with the great bolt, and took the same precaution on leaving the next room. On reaching the Queen's chamber, she cried out to her, "Get up, madam! don't stay to dress yourself! fly to the King's apartment." The terrified Queen threw herself out of bed; they put a petticoat upon her without tying it, and the two ladies conducted her to the "bull's-eye." A door which led from the Queen's toilette-closet to that apartment had never before been fastened but on her side; it was found to be secured on the other side. What a dreadful moment! They knocked repeatedly with all their strength; a servant of one of the King's *valets de chambre* came and opened the door; the Queen entered the King's chamber, but he was not there. Alarmed for the Queen's life, he had gone down the staircase and through the corridors under the "bull's-eye," by means of which he was accustomed to go to the Queen's apartment without being under the necessity of crossing that room. He entered Her Majesty's room and found no one there but some body-guards who had taken refuge in it. The King, unwilling to expose their lives, told them to wait a few minutes, and afterwards sent to desire them to go to the "bull's-eye." Madame de Tourzel, at that time governess of the children of France, had just taken Madame and the Dauphin to the King's apartments. The Queen saw her children again. The reader must imagine this scene of tenderness and despair.¹

¹ It is in the middle of this very scene of *tenderness and despair* that certain Memoirs, recently published in England, have en-

It is true that the assassins penetrated to the Queen's chamber, and pierced the bed with their swords. The fugitive body-guards were the only persons who entered it, and if the crowd had reached so far they would have been massacred. Besides, when the rebels had forced the doors of the ante-chamber, the footmen and officers on duty, knowing that the Queen was no longer in her apartments, told them so with that air of truth which always carries conviction. The abandoned horde instantly rushed towards the "bull's-eye," hoping, no doubt, to intercept her on her way.

Many have asserted that they recognised the Duke of Orleans at half-past four in the morning, in a great-coat and slouched hat, at the top of the marble staircase pointing out with his hand the guard-room which preceded the Queen's apartments. This fact was deposed to at the Châtelet by several individuals in the course of the enquiry instituted respecting the transactions of the 5th and 6th of October.¹

deavoured to inflict the most cruel blow that could possibly be aimed at the Queen. Madame Campan cannot have read, without a sentiment of equal indignation and grief, what they have attempted to pass under the authority of her name. We shall not explain ourselves further, and we shall be commended for our reserve. We will merely add, that if they were desirous of putting an accusation against Marie Antoinette into the mouth of Madame Campan, they chose their time very ill in fixing precisely on the moment wherein she has represented that Princess in the most affecting and exalted point of view.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

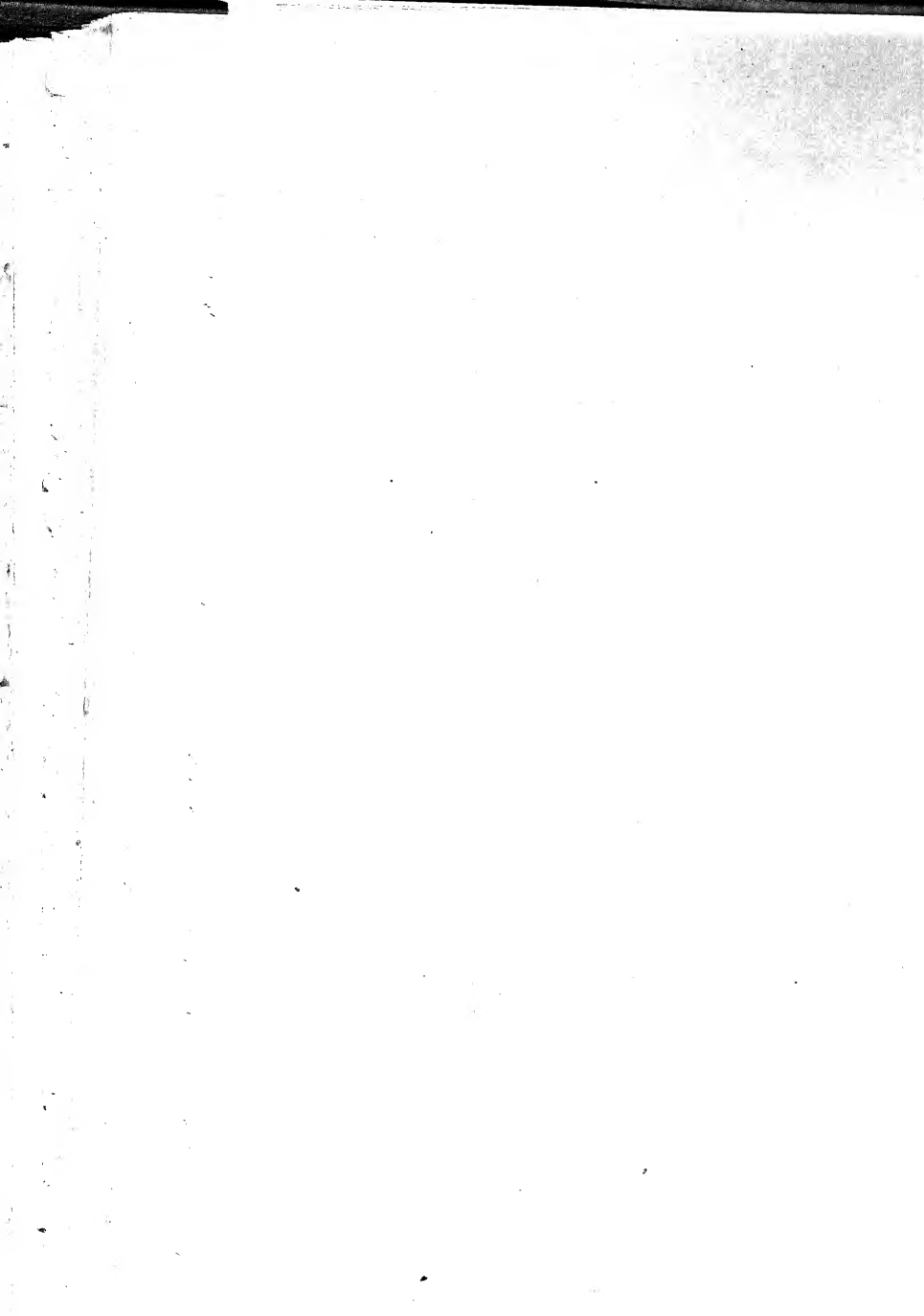
1 Justice and impartiality require us to direct the reader to the extract from the proceedings which accompany Weber's Memoirs. It will be well to consult with the *Historical Illustrations* (Note 2) we have before collected on that subject, those which are added under letter (E).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The prudence and honourable feelings of several officers of the Parisian guards, and the judicious conduct of M. de Vaudreuil, lieutenant-general of marine, and of M. de Chevanne, one of the King's guards, brought about an understanding between the grandees of the National Guard of Paris and the King's guard. The doors of the "bull's-eye" were closed, and the ante-chamber, which precedes that room, was filled with grenadiers who wanted to get in to massacre the guards. M. de Chevanne offered himself as a victim, if they wished for one, and demanded of them what they would have. A report had been spread through the ranks that the body-guards set them at defiance, and that they all wore black cockades. M. de Chevanne showed them that he wore, as did the corps, the cockade of their uniform; and promised that the guards should exchange it for that of the nation. This was done; they even went so far as to change the grenadiers' caps for the hats of the body-guards; those who were on guard took off their shoulder-belts; embracings and the transports of fraternisation instantly succeeded to the savage eagerness to murder the band which had showed so much fidelity to its Sovereign. The cry was now, "*Vivent le Roi, la Nation et les Gardes-du-corps!*"

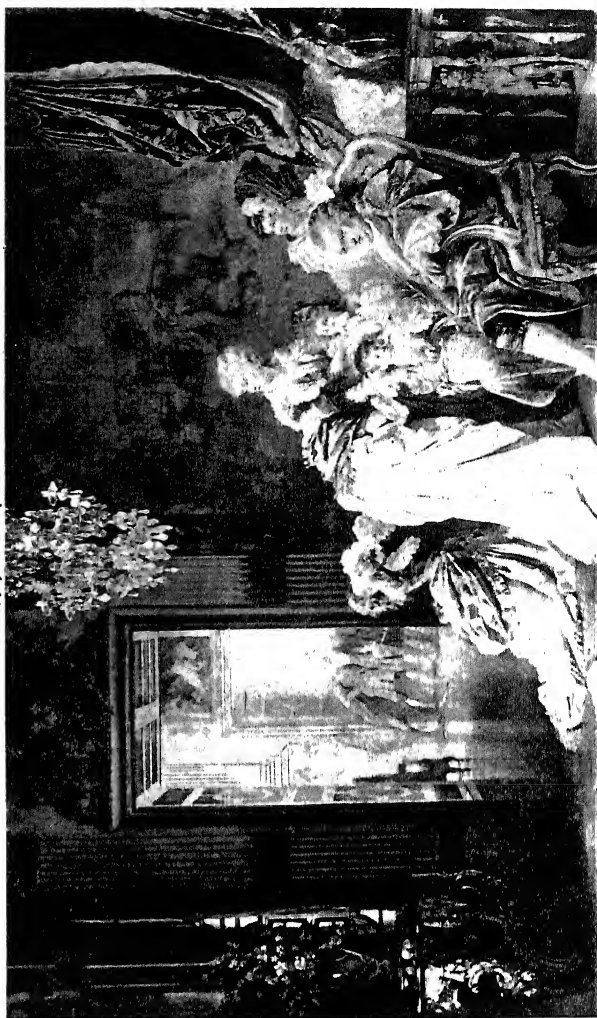
The army occupied the *Place d'Armes*, all the courtyards of the château, and the entrance to the avenue. They called for the Queen to appear in the balcony; she came forward with Madame and the Dauphin. There was a cry of "No children." Was this with a view to deprive her of the interest she inspired,

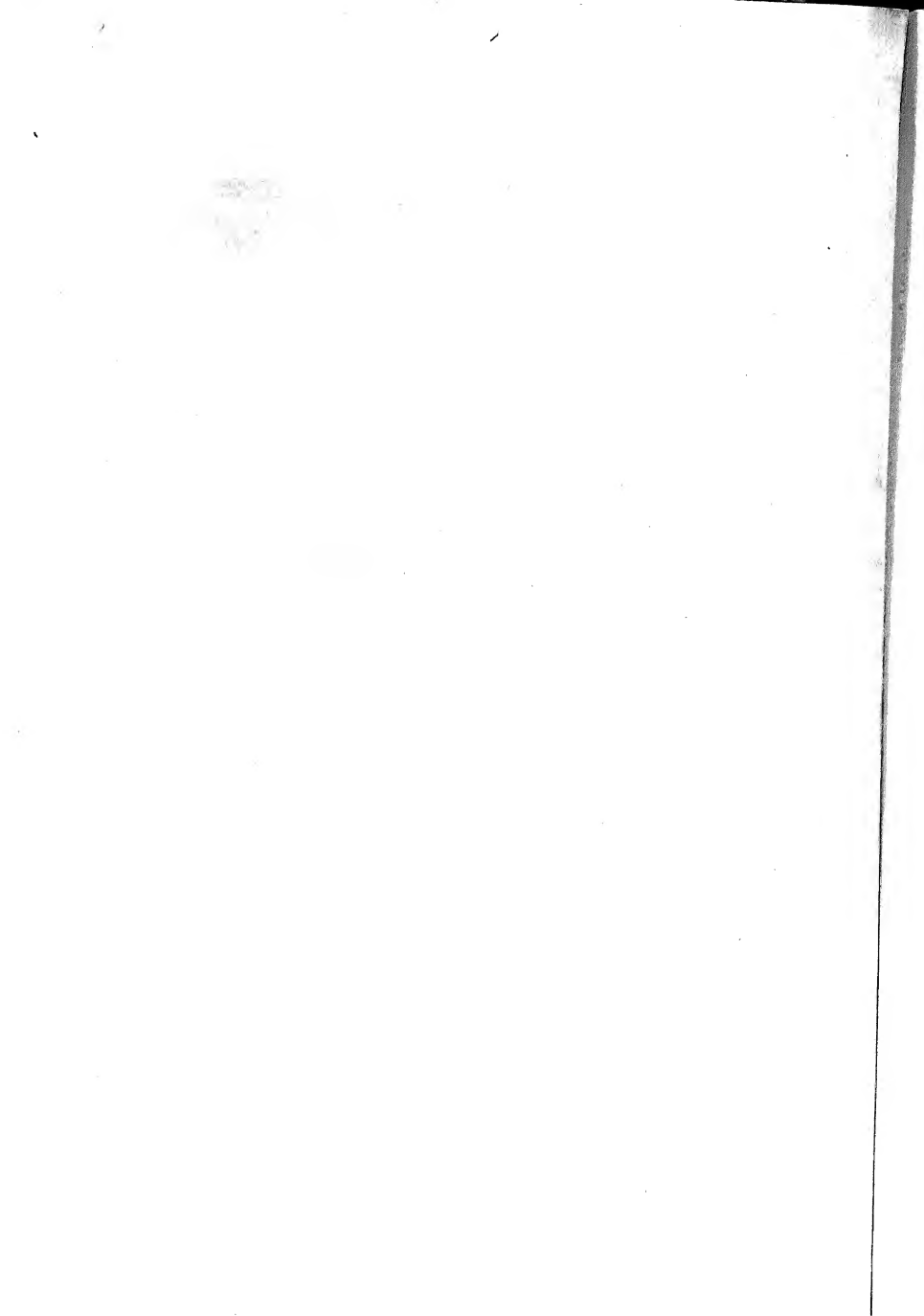
*THE ATTACK ON THE PALACE
OF VERSAILLES*

After the painting by Jules Benzur



Copyrighted 1897 by G. B. S. Son.





accompanied as she was by her young family, or did the leaders of the democrats hope that some madman would venture to aim a mortal blow at her person? The unfortunate Princess certainly was impressed with the latter idea, for she sent away her children, and, with her hands and eyes raised towards heaven, advanced upon the balcony like a self-devoted victim.

A few voices shouted, "To Paris!" The exclamation soon became general. Before he agreed to this removal the King wished to consult the National Assembly, and caused that body to be invited to sit at the castle. Mirabeau opposed this measure. While these discussions were going forward it became more and more difficult to restrain the immense disorderly multitude. The King, without consulting anyone, now said to the people: "You wish, my children, that I should accompany you to Paris. I consent, but on condition that I shall not be separated from my wife and family." The King added that he required safety also for his guards. He was answered by shouts of "Vive le Roi, vivent les Gardes-du-corps!" The guards, with their hats in the air turned so as to exhibit the cockade, shouted "Vive le Roi, vive la Nation!" Shortly afterwards a general discharge of all the muskets took place in token of joy. The King and Queen set off from Versailles at one o'clock—the Dauphin, Madame the King's daughter, Monsieur, Madame, Madame Elizabeth and Madame de Tourzel were in the carriage; the Princess de Chimay, the ladies of the bed-chamber for the week, and the King's suite and servants followed in Court carriages; a hundred deputies in carriages and the bulk of the

Parisian army closed the procession. Great God! what a procession!

The *poissardes* went before and around the carriage of Their Majesties crying, "We shall no longer want bread—we have the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's boy with us." In the midst of this troop of cannibals the heads of two murdered body-guards were carried on poles. The monsters who made trophies of them conceived the horrid idea of forcing a hairdresser of Sèvres to dress them up and powder their bloody locks. The unfortunate man who was forced to perform this dreadful work died in consequence of the shock it gave him.¹

The progress of the procession was so slow that it was near six in the evening when this august family, made prisoners by their own people, arrived at the Hotel de Ville. Bailly received them there; they were placed upon a throne just when that of their ancestors had been overthrown. The King spoke in a firm yet condescending manner. He said that *he always came with pleasure and confidence among the inhabitants of his good city of Paris*. M. Bailly repeated this observation to the representatives of the Commune, who came to address the King; but he forgot the word *confidence*. The Queen, instantly and loudly, reminded him of the omission. The King and Queen, their children and

¹ Nothing can be more destitute of proof than the atrocity here spoken of by Madame Campan, and which is mentioned also in the Memoirs of Bertrand de Molleville; it appears much better authenticated that the remains of the unfortunate body-guards who so nobly fell victims to their duty and fidelity were not borne, as was at first said, under the eyes of Marie Antoinette and the King. As Bertrand de Molleville has described this sad procession, we think it right to extract his description from his Memoirs. See Note (F).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Madame Elizabeth retired to the Tuileries. Nothing was ready for their reception there. All the lodging-rooms had been long given up to persons belonging to the Court; they hastily quitted them on that very day, leaving their furniture, which was purchased by the Court. The Countess de la Marck, sister to the Marshals de Noailles and de Mouchy, was the occupier of the apartments which were now appropriated to the Queen. Monsieur and Madame retired to the Luxembourg.

The Queen had sent for me on the morning of the 6th of October to leave me and my father-in-law in charge of her most valuable property. She took away only her casket of diamonds. Count Gouvernet de la Tour-du-Pin, to whom the military government of Versailles was entrusted *pro tempore*, came and gave orders to the National Guard, which had taken possession of the apartments, to allow us to remove everything that we should deem necessary for the Queen's accommodation.

I saw Her Majesty alone in her private apartments a moment before her departure for Paris. She could hardly speak; tears bedewed her face, to which all the blood in her body seemed to have rushed. She condescended to embrace me, gave her hand to M. Campan¹ to kiss, and said to us, "Come immediately and settle at Paris. I will lodge you at the Tuileries. Come! and do not leave me henceforward. Faithful servants at moments like these become useful

¹ Let me here pay a well-merited tribute to the memory of my father-in-law. In the course of that one night he declined from the highest pitch of health into a languishing condition, which brought him to the grave in September, 1791.

friends. We are lost—dragged away, perhaps, to death! When Kings become prisoners they have not long to live.”

I had frequent opportunities, during the course of our misfortunes, of observing that the people never obey factions with steadiness, but easily escape their control when reflection or some other cause reminds them of their duty. As soon as the most violent Jacobins had an opportunity of seeing the Queen more near at hand, of speaking to her and of hearing her voice, they became her most zealous partisans; and, even when she was in the prison of the Temple, several of those who had contributed to place her there perished for having attempted to get her out again.

On the morning of the 7th of October the same women who had the day before surrounded the carriage of the august prisoners, riding on cannons and uttering the most abusive language, assembled under the Queen's windows, upon the terrace of the castle, and desired to see her. Her Majesty appeared. Among mobs of this description there are always orators—that is to say, beings of more assurance than the rest. A woman of this description, setting up for counsellor, told her that she must now remove far from her all such courtiers as ruin Kings, and that she must love the inhabitants of her good city. The Queen answered that she had loved them at Versailles and would likewise love them at Paris. “Yes, yes,” said another; “*but on the 14th of July you wanted to besiege the city and have it bombarded; and on the 6th of October you wanted to fly to the frontiers.*” The Queen

replied affably that they had been told so and had believed it; that there lay the cause of the unhappiness of the people and of the best of Kings. A third addressed a few words to her in German. The Queen told her she did not understand, that she had become so entirely French as even to have forgotten her mother tongue. This declaration was answered with bravos and clapping of hands. They then desired her to make a compact with them. "Ah!" said she, "how can I make a compact with you since you have no faith in that which my duty points out to me, and which for my own happiness I ought to respect?" They asked her for the ribbons and flowers out of her hat. Her Majesty unfastened them herself and divided them among the party, which for above half an hour cried out without ceasing, "Marie Antoinette for ever! Our good Queen for ever!"

Two days after the King's arrival at Paris the city and the National Guard sent to request the Queen to appear at the theatre and prove, by her presence and the King's, that it was with pleasure they resided in their capital. I introduced the deputation which came to make this request. Her Majesty replied that she should have infinite pleasure in acceding to the invitation of the city of Paris, but that time must be allowed her to soften the recollection of the distressing events which had just occurred, and from which she had suffered too much. She added that having come into Paris, preceded by the heads of the faithful guards who had perished before the door of their Sovereign, she could not think that such an entry into the capital ought to be followed by rejoicings;

but that the happiness she had always felt in appearing in the midst of the inhabitants of Paris was not effaced from her memory, and that she should enjoy it again, as heretofore, as soon as she should find herself able to do so.

Their Majesties found some consolations in their private life.¹ From Madame's gentleness of manners, and her tender attachment to the august authors of her days; from the accomplishments and vivacity of the little Dauphin, and the attention and tenderness of the pious Princess Elizabeth, they still derived moments of happiness. The young Prince gave daily proofs of sensibility and penetration. He was not yet beyond female care; but a private tutor² gave him all the instruction suitable to his age. His memory was highly cultivated, and he recited verses with much grace and feeling.

The day after the arrival of the Court at Paris, terrified at hearing some noise in the gardens of the Tuileries, he threw himself into the arms of the Queen, crying out, "*Good God, mamma! is to-day yesterday again?*" A few days after this affecting exclamation he went up to the King, and looked at him with a

¹ "On the 19th of October, that is to say, thirteen days after he had taken up his abode at Paris, the King went, almost alone and on foot, to review some detachments of the National Guard. After the review, Louis XVI. met with a child sweeping the street, who asked him for money. The child called the King *M. le Chevalier*. His Majesty gave him six francs. The little sweeper, surprised at receiving so large a sum, cried out, 'Oh! I have no change; you will give me money another time.' A person who accompanied the monarch said to the child, 'Keep it all, my friend. The gentleman is not *chevalier*; he is the eldest of the family.'"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

² The Abbé Davout, whose talents were proved by the astonishing progress of the young Prince.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

pensive air. The King asked him what he wanted. He answered, that he had something very serious to say to him. The King having prevailed on him to explain himself, the young Prince requested to know why his people, who formerly loved him so well, were all at once angry with him, and what he had done to irritate them so much. His father took him upon his knees, and spoke to him nearly as follows: "I wished, child, to render the people still happier than they were; I wanted money to pay the expenses occasioned by wars. I asked my people for money, as my predecessors have always done. Magistrates composing the Parliament opposed it, and said that my people alone had a right to consent to it. I assembled the principal inhabitants of every town, whether distinguished by birth, fortune or talents, at Versailles; that is what is called the States-General. When they were assembled they required concessions of me which I could not make, either with due respect for myself or with justice to you, who will be my successor. Wicked men, inducing the people to rise, have occasioned the excesses of the last few days; the people must not be blamed for them."

The Queen made the young Prince clearly comprehend that he ought to treat the commanders of battalions, the officers of the National Guard, and all the Parisians who were about him, with affability. The child took great pains to please all these people; and when he had had an opportunity of replying obligingly to the Mayor or members of the Commune he came and whispered in his mother's ear, "Was that right?"

He requested M. Bailly to show him the shield of Scipio, which is in the Royal library; and M. Bailly asking him which he preferred, Scipio or Hannibal, the young Prince replied, without hesitation, that he preferred him who had defended his own country. He gave frequent proofs of ready wit. One day, while the Queen was hearing Madame repeat her exercises in ancient history, the young Princess could not at the moment recollect the name of the Queen of Carthage. The Dauphin was hurt at his sister's want of memory, and though he never spoke to her in the second person singular, he bethought himself of the expedient of saying to her, "But *dis donc* the name of the Queen to mamma; *dis donc* what her name was."¹

Shortly after the arrival of the King and his family at Paris, the Duchess de Luynes came, in pursuance of the advice of a committee of Constitutionals, to propose to the Queen a temporary retirement from France, in order to leave the Constitution to perfect itself, so that the patriots should not accuse her of influencing the King to oppose it. The Duchess knew how far the schemes of the factions extended, and her attachment to the Queen was the principal cause of the advice she gave her. The Queen perfectly comprehended the Duchess de Luynes's motive, but replied that she would never leave either the King or her son; that if she thought herself alone obnoxious to public hatred, she would instantly offer her life as a sacrifice; but that it was the throne

¹ The words *dis donc* (tell thou then) in French have the same sound with *Didon* (Dido).—TRANS.

which was aimed at, and that, in abandoning King, she should be merely committing an act of cowardice, since she saw no other advantage in it than that of saving her own life.

One evening in the month of November, 1790, I returned home rather late. I there found the Prince de Poix. He told me he came to request me to assist him in regaining his peace of mind; that at the commencement of the sittings of the National Assembly, he had suffered himself to be seduced into the hope of a better order of things; that he blushed for his error, and that he abhorred plans which had already produced such fatal results; that he broke off with the reformers for the rest of his life; that he had just given in his resignation as a deputy of the National Assembly; and, finally, that he was anxious that the Queen should not sleep in ignorance of his sentiments. I undertook his commission, and acquitted myself of it in the best way I could; but I was totally unsuccessful. The Prince de Poix remained at Court; he there suffered many mortifications, never ceasing to serve the King in the most dangerous commissions with that zeal for which his house has always been distinguished.

When the King, the Queen and their children were suitably established at the Tuileries, as well as Madame Elizabeth and the Princess de Lamballe, the Queen resumed her usual habits. She employed her mornings in superintending the education of Madame, who received all her lessons in her presence, and she herself began to work large pieces of tapestry. Her mind was too much occupied with passing events and

surrounding dangers to admit of her applying herself to reading; the needle was the only employment which would divert her mind.¹ She received the Court twice a week before going to Mass, and on those days dined in public with the King. She spent the rest of the time with her family and children. She had no concert, and did not go to the play until 1791, after the acceptance of the Constitution.² The Princess de Lamballe, however, had some evening parties in her apartments at the Tuileries, which were tolerably brilliant in consequence of the great number of persons who attended them. The Queen was present at a few of these assemblies, but being soon convinced that her present situation forbade her appearing in large circles, she remained at home, and conversed as she sat at work.³ The sole topic of her

¹ There is still at Paris, at the house of Mademoiselle Dubuquois, tapestry worker, a carpet worked by the Queen and Madame Elizabeth for the large room of Her Majesty's ground-floor apartments at the Tuileries. The Empress Josephine saw and admired this carpet, and desired it might be preserved in hope of one day sending it to Madame.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

² A judgment may be formed of the situation in which the Queen found herself placed during the earlier part of her residence at Paris from the following letter written by her to the Duchess de Polignac:

"I shed tears of affection on reading your letters. You talk of my courage, it required much less to go through that dreadful crisis which I had to suffer than is daily necessary to endure our situation, our own griefs, those of our friends and those of the persons who surround us. This is a heavy weight to sustain, and but for the strong ties by which my heart is bound to my husband, my children and my friends, I should wish to sink under it. But you bear me up; I ought to sacrifice such feelings to your friendship. But it is I who bring misfortune on you all, and your troubles are on my account." ("History of Marie Antoinette," by Montjoie.)—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

³ The Queen returned one evening from one of these assemblies very much affected; an English nobleman, who was playing at the same table with Her Majesty, ostentatiously displayed an enormous ring, in which was a lock of Oliver Cromwell's hair.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

discourse was, as may well be supposed, the Revolution. She sought to discover the real opinions of the Parisians respecting her, and how she could have so completely lost the affections of the people, and even of many persons in the higher ranks. She well knew that she ought to impute the whole to the spirit of party, to the hatred of the Duke d'Orleans, and the folly of the French, who desired to have a total change in the Constitution; but she was not the less desirous of ascertaining the private feelings of all the people in power.¹

¹ The Count d'Escherny, in the extract we are about to give, shrewdly describes the blind fury of those who overthrew the ancient edifice of monarchy, and the folly of such as, at this time, attempt to reinstate it upon the old basis.

"I picture France before the year 1789 to myself as a great theatre, where magnificent operas were represented. The places were badly distributed; the pit paid all the expenses of the performance; the people in that part of the house were left standing, squeezed together and uncomfortable, while the little band of the favourites of intrigue and fortune reclined luxuriously in gilded niches and elegant recesses. But the crowd below drank in pleasure at all their senses, while the others were yawning above them. The wearisomeness of the boxes balanced the inconveniences of the pit. The latter, except so far as vanity (which is but a poor set-off against *ennui*) was concerned, was not the worst off, so that all were nearly satisfied.

"Certain men came and undertook to undeceive the pit as to their enjoyments, and to persuade them that their pleasures, being mixed with vexations, were no pleasures at all. The stage revolved on a large pivot. They gave it a revolutionary movement, making it turn round on its own centre. They brought to sight what was before concealed by the scenes and curtains. They pushed back what was in front, and brought forward what was behind. They afterwards made holes in the scenes, undid the framework and pulleys, cut the cords, unhung the clouds, and presented to the astonished spectator all the oily, black and smoky ruins. 'Infatuated admirers!' cried they, 'behold the objects of your fascination! These are your gods, your ancestors, your Kings, your heroes! And now prostrate yourselves again!'

"He who, to help the French legislators out of their difficulties, should at this day hold this language to them, 'Gentlemen, you see you are struggling in vain! You are drowning; anarchy is gaining upon you; you have but one course to pursue, that is to reinstate

From the very commencement of the Revolution General Luckner indulged in violent sallies against her. Her Majesty, knowing that I was acquainted with a lady who had been long connected with the General, desired me to discover through that channel what was the private motive on which Luckner's hatred against her was founded. On being questioned upon this point, he answered that Marshal de Segur had assured him he had proposed him for the command of a camp of observation, but that the Queen had made a dash against his name, and that the *tash*, as he called it in his German accent, he could not forget. The Queen ordered me to repeat this reply to the King myself, and said to him, "See, Sire, whether I was not right in telling you that your ministers, in order to give themselves full scope in the distribution of favours, persuaded the French that I interfered in everything. There was not even a license given out in the country for the sale of salt and tobacco but the people believed it was given to one of my favourites." "That is very true," replied the King; "but I find it very difficult to believe that Marshal de Segur ever said any such thing to Luckner; he knew too well that you never interfered in the distribution of favours. That Luckner is a good-for-nothing fellow, and Segur is a brave and honourable man, who never uttered such

the theatre.' A person who could say so would certainly be little better than an idiot. To him I should reply, 'My friend, the mischief is done, the illusion is destroyed, and that for some time to come. It will be long ere the raging sea will be anything more than so many pieces of pasteboard, or the enchanted palaces other than daubs upon rough cloth lighted by mutton-fat.'" ("The Philosophy of Politics," vol. ii., pp. 202-204.)—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

a falsehood. However, you are right; and because you provided for a few dependents, you are most unjustly reported to have disposed of all offices, civil and military.

All the Nobility who had not left Paris made a point of presenting themselves assiduously to the King, and there was a considerable influx to the Palace of the Tuileries. Marks of attachment were exhibited even in external symbols; the women wore enormous bouquets of lilies in their bosoms and upon their heads, and sometimes even bunches of white ribbon.

At the play there were often disputes between the pit and the boxes about removing these ornaments, which the people thought dangerous emblems. National cockades were sold in every corner of Paris; the sentinels stopped all who did not wear them. The young men piqued themselves upon breaking through this regulation, which was in some degree sanctioned by the acquiescence of the hapless Louis XVI. Frays took place, which were to be regretted, because they excited a spirit of rebellion. The King adopted conciliatory measures with the Assembly, in order to promote tranquillity; the Revolutionists were but little disposed to think him sincere. Unfortunately the Royalists encouraged this incredulity by incessantly repeating that the King was not free, and that all he did was completely null and in no way bound him for the time to come. Such was the heat and violence of party spirit that persons the most sincerely attached to the King were not even permitted to use the language of reason, and recommend greater reserve in conversation. People would talk and argue at table

without considering that all the servants belonged to the hostile army; and it may truly be said that there was as much imprudence and levity in the party assailed as there was cunning, boldness and perseverance in that which made the attack.

CHAPTER V

Affair of Favras—His prosecution and death—His children are imprudently presented to the Queen—Plan laid for carrying off the Royal Family—Singular letter from the Empress Catherine to Louis XVI.—The Queen is unwilling to owe the re-establishment of the throne to the *Emigrés*—Death of the Emperor Joseph II.—First negotiation between the Court and Mirabeau—Louis XVI. and his family inhabit St. Cloud—New plans for escaping.

IN February, 1790, the affair of the unfortunate Favras gave the Court much uneasiness. This individual had conceived the scheme of carrying off the King and effecting what was then called a counter-revolution.¹ Monsieur, probably out of mere benevolence, gave him some money, and thence arose a report that he thereby wished to favour the execution of the enterprise. The step taken by Monsieur in going to the Hôtel de Ville to explain himself upon this affair was unknown to the Queen; it is more than probable that the King was acquainted with it. When judgment was pronounced upon M. de Favras, the Queen did not conceal from me her fears about the confessions of the unfortunate man in his last moments.

I sent a confidential person to the Hôtel de Ville.

¹ *Vide*, in the *Illustrations* (G), the particulars given by Bertrand de Molleville of this tragic episode of the Revolution.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

She came to inform the Queen that the condemned had demanded to be taken from Notre Dame to the Hôtel de Ville to make a final declaration and give some particulars verifying it. These particulars compromised nobody. Favras corrected his last will after writing it over, and went to the scaffold with heroic courage and coolness. The judge who read his condemnation to him told him that his life was a sacrifice which he owed to public tranquillity. It was asserted at the time that Favras was given up as a victim in order to satisfy the people and save the Baron de Besenval, who was a prisoner in the Abbaye.¹

¹ The "Biographie Universelle" (vol. xiv., p. 221) gives the following particulars of the designs, prosecution and death of this unfortunate man:

"Favras (Thomas Mahy, Marquis of), born at Blois in 1745, entered the service first in the corps of *mousquetaires*, and made the campaign of 1761 with them. He was afterwards captain and adjutant in Belsunce's regiment, and subsequently lieutenant of the Swiss guard of Monsieur the King's brother, and resigned that commission in 1775 to go to Vienna, where his wife was acknowledged the only and legitimate daughter of the Prince d'Anhalt-Schauenbourg. He commanded a legion in Holland on the insurrection against the Stadtholder, in 1787. Possessing a warm imagination and a head fertile in expedients, Favras always had something to propose in all cases and upon every point. He presented a great number of plans on the subject of finance; and at the breaking out of the Revolution he tendered some upon political measures, which rendered him an object of suspicion to the revolutionary party. It is well known that in the highly excited state of the minds of the people, if the leaders of factions pointed out a victim, it was impossible for him to escape from popular fury. Favras was accused in the month of December, 1789, of having conspired against the Revolution and planned the introduction of armed men into Paris during the night, in order to make away with the three principal members of the Administration, to attack the King's guard, to carry off the Great Seal, and even to remove the King and his family to Pironne. Having been arrested by order of the committee of enquiry of the National Assembly, he was transferred to the Châtelet, where he defended himself with much coolness and presence of mind, repelling the accusations brought against

On the morning of the Sunday following this execution, M. de la Villeurnoy¹ came to my house to tell me that he was going on that very day to the public dinner of the King and Queen to present the widow Favras and her son, both of them in mourning for the brave Frenchman who fell a sacrifice for his King, and that all the Royalists expected to see the Queen load the unfortunate family with favours. I did all that lay in my power to prevent this proceeding. I foresaw the effect it would have upon the Queen's feeling heart, and the painful constraint she

him by Morel, Turcati and Marquie with considerable force. These witnesses declared he had imparted his plan to them. It was to be carried into execution by 12,000 Swiss and 12,000 Germans, who were to be assembled at Montargis, thence to march upon Paris, carry off the King and assassinate Bailly, La Fayette and Necker. The greater number of these charges he denied, and declared that the rest related only to the levy of a troop intended to favour the revolution preparing in Brabant. The judge having refused to disclose who had denounced him, he complained to the Assembly, which passed to the order of the day. His death was obviously inevitable. During the whole time of the proceedings the populace never ceased threatening the judges and shouting 'A la lanterne!' It was even necessary to keep numerous troops and artillery, constantly ready to act, in the courtyard of the Châtelet. The judges, who had just acquitted M. de Besenval in an affair nearly similar, doubtless dreaded the effects of this fury. When they refused to hear Favras's witnesses in exculpation, he compared them to the tribunal of the Inquisition. The principal charge against him was founded on a letter from one M. de Foucault asking him, 'Where are your troops? In which direction will they enter Paris? I should like to be employed among them.' Favras was condemned to make the *amende honorable* in front of the cathedral and to be hanged at the Place de Grève. He heard this sentence with wonderful calmness, and said to the judges, 'I pity you much if the testimony of two men is sufficient to induce you to condemn.' The judge having said to him, 'I have no other consolation to hold out to you than that which religion affords,' he replied nobly, 'My greatest consolation is that which I derive from my innocence.'—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

¹ M. de la Villeurnoy, Master of the Requests, was deported to Sinamary on the 18th Fructidor, by the Executive Directory, and there died.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

would experience, having the horrible Santerre, the commandant of a battalion of the Parisian guard, behind her chair during dinner-time. I could not make M. de la Villeurnoy comprehend my argument. The Queen had gone to Mass, surrounded by her whole Court, and I had not even the means of apprising her of this intention.

When dinner was over I heard a knocking at the door of my apartment, which opened into the corridor next that of the Queen; it was herself. She asked me whether there was anybody with me. I was alone. She threw herself into an arm-chair, and told me she came to weep with me, entirely at her ease, over the foolish conduct of the ultras of the King's party. "We must fall," said she, "attacked as we are by men who possess extraordinary talent and shrink from no crime, while we are defended only by those who are no doubt very estimable, but have no adequate idea of our situation. They have exposed me to the animosity of both parties by presenting the widow and son of Favras to me. Were I free to act as I wish, I should take the child of the man who has just sacrificed himself for us and place him at table between the King and myself; but, surrounded by the assassins who have destroyed his father, I did not dare even to cast my eyes upon him. The Royalists will blame me for not having appeared interested in this poor child; the Revolutionists will be enraged at the idea that his presentation should have been thought agreeable to me." However, the Queen added that she knew Madame Favras's situation; that she was aware she was in

want; and that she desired me to send her the next day, through a person who could be relied on, a few rouleaus of fifty louis, and to direct that she should be assured Her Majesty would always watch over her fortune and that of her son.

The Queen wished to send some man devoted to the King's cause with letters to the Princes then at Turin. She cast her eyes upon an officer, a chevalier of St. Louis, intimately connected with M. Campan's family, and of whom she had frequently heard me speak in terms of commendation. I did not hesitate a moment between the pleasure of seeing one of my friends entrusted with a commission which would do him honour and the danger of entrusting that charge to a man whom I had the misfortune to see carried away by the fatal opinions of the times.¹ This I told the Queen, and entreated her to make another selection. Her Majesty was gratified by my sincerity. The commission was given to M. de J—, who from that time invariably evinced the greatest discretion, the most undoubted sagacity and a zeal that never for a moment slackened.

In the month of March following I had an opportunity of ascertaining the King's real sentiments respecting the schemes which were continually proposed

¹ In 1791 this man was chosen a member of the Legislative Assembly. So long as I had only his opinions to combat I did not cease to receive him. When, however, I had his actions to dread, I requested him, from the very day of his installation in the Assembly, to visit me no more. He became afterwards a conventional—. But I was indebted to my principles and prudence for the satisfaction of having long ceased all communication with a man who ranked himself among the enemies of my Sovereigns, and subsequently was one of their murderers.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

to him for making his escape. One night, about ten o'clock, the Count d'Inisdal, who was deputed by the Nobility, came to request I would hear him in private, as he had an important matter to communicate to me. He told me that on that very night the King would be carried off; that the section of the National Guard which was that day commanded by M. d'Aumont¹ was gained over, and that sets of horses, furnished by some good Royalists, were placed in relays at suitable distances; that he had just left a party of Nobles assembled for the execution of this scheme, and that he had been sent to me that I might, through the medium of the Queen, obtain the King's positive consent to it before midnight; that the King was aware of their plan, but that His Majesty never would speak decidedly, and that at the moment of action it was necessary he should consent to the undertaking. I remember that I greatly displeased the Count d'Inisdal by expressing my astonishment that the Nobility, at the moment of the execution of so important a project, should send to me, the Queen's first woman, to obtain a consent which ought to have been the basis of any well-concerted scheme. I told him also that it would be impossible for me to go at that time down into the Queen's apartments without exciting the attention of the people in the ante-chambers; that the King was at cards with the Queen and his family, and that I never broke in

¹ A brother of the Duke de Villequier, who had joined the revolutionary party; a man of no weight or respectability, who desired he might be called James Aumont. A far different man from his brave brother, who always proved himself entirely devoted to the cause of his King.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

upon their privacy unless I was called for. I added, however, that M. Campan could enter without being called, and that if he chose to give him his confidence he might rely upon him. My father-in-law, to whom the Count d'Inisdal repeated what he had said to me, undertook the commission, and went to the Queen's apartments. The King was playing at whist with the Queen, Monsieur and Madame; Madame Elizabeth was kneeling upon a stool near the table. M. Campan informed the Queen of what had been communicated to me. Nobody uttered a word. The Queen broke silence, and said to the King, "Do you hear, Sire, what Campan says to us?" "Yes, I hear," said the King, and continued his game. Monsieur, who was in the habit of introducing passages from plays into his conversation, said to my father-in-law, "M. Campan, *that pretty little couplet again*, if you please"; and pressed the King to reply. At length the Queen said, "But something must be said to Campan." The King then spoke to my father-in-law in these words: "Tell M. d'Inisdal that I cannot consent to be carried off!" The Queen enjoined M. Campan to take care and report this answer faithfully. "You understand," added she, "*the King cannot consent to be carried off.*" The Count d'Inisdal was very much dissatisfied with the King's answer, and went out, saying, "I understand; he wishes to throw all the blame beforehand upon those who are to devote themselves for him." He went away, and I thought the enterprise would be abandoned. However, the Queen remained alone with me till mid-

night, preparing her cases of valuables, and ordered me not to go to bed. She imagined the King's answer would be understood as a tacit consent, and merely a refusal to participate in the design. I do not know what passed in the King's apartments during the night, but I occasionally looked at his windows. I saw the garden clear; I heard no noise in the palace, and day at length confirmed my opinion that the project had been given up. "We must, however, fly," said the Queen to me shortly afterwards. "Who knows how far the factious may go? The danger increases every day."¹ This Princess received advice and memorials from all quarters. Rivarol addressed several to her, which I read to her. They were full of ingenious observations, but the Queen did not find that they contained anything of essential service under the circumstances in which the Royal Family were

¹ If the following anecdote be not true, it is, after what we have just read, at least very probable.

"The disturbances of the 13th of April, 1790, occasioned by the warmth of the discussions upon Don Gerle's imprudent motion in the National Assembly, having afforded room for apprehension that the enemies of the country would endeavour to carry off the King from the capital, M. de la Fayette promised to keep a good look out, and told Louis XVI. that if he saw any alarming movements among the disaffected, he would give him notice of it by the discharge of a cannon from Henry IV.'s battery upon the Pont Neuf. On the same night a few casual discharges of musketry were heard from the terrace of the Tuileries. The King, deceived by the noise, flew to the Queen's apartments. He did not find her in her room; he ran to the Dauphin's room, where he found the Queen holding her son in her arms. 'Madam,' said the King to her, 'I have been seeking you; I was uneasy about you.' The Queen showing her son, said to him, 'I was at my station.' This answer was perfectly worthy of the Queen's maternal feelings." ("Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.")—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

placed. The Count de Moustier also sent memorials and plans of conduct. I remember that in one of his writings he said to the King, "Read *Telemachus* again, Sire. In that book, which delighted Your Majesty in infancy, you will find the first seeds of those principles which, erroneously followed up by men of ardent imaginations, are bringing on the explosion we expect every moment." I read so many of these memorials that I could hardly give a faithful account of them, and I am determined to note in this work no other events than such as I witnessed—no other words than such as (notwithstanding the lapse of time) still, in some measure, vibrate in my ears.

The Count de Ségur, on his return from Russia, was employed some time by the Queen, and had a certain degree of influence over her; but that did not last long. Count Augustus de la Marck likewise endeavoured to negotiate for the King's advantage with the leaders of the factious. M. de Fontanges, Archbishop of Toulouse, possessed also the Queen's confidence; but none of the endeavours which were made at home produced any beneficial result. The Empress Catherine II. also conveyed her opinion upon the situation of Louis XVI. to the Queen, and Her Majesty made me read a few lines in the Empress's own handwriting, which concluded with these words: "Kings ought to proceed in their career undisturbed by the cries of the people, as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by the howling of dogs." I shall certainly not enter into any discussion on this maxim of the despotic Sovereign of Russia;

MEMOIRS OF

applicable to the situation of a

ice, whether given from abroad
decision of which the Court
meanwhile the revolutionary party
serious enterprise in a determined
ing any opposition. The advice
from Coblenz as from Vienna,
made various impressions upon the members of the
Royal Family, and those Cabinets were not in ac-
cordance with each other. I often had reason to
infer from what the Queen said to me that she
thought the King, by leaving all the honour of
restoring order to the Coblenz party, would, on the
return of the emigrants, be put under a kind of
guardianship which would increase his own misfor-
tunes. She frequently said to me, "If the emigrants
succeed, they will give the law for a long time; it
will be impossible to refuse them anything. To owe
the crown to them would be contracting too great
an obligation." It always appeared to me that she
wished her own family to counterbalance the claims
of the emigrants by disinterested services. She was
fearful of M. de Calonne, and with good reason. She
had proof that this minister was now her bitterest
enemy, and that he made use of the basest and most
criminal means in order to blacken her reputation.
I can *testify* that I have seen in the hands of the
Queen a manuscript copy of the infamous Memoirs of
the woman De Lamotte, which had been brought to
her from London, and in which all those passages
where a total ignorance of the customs of Courts had

occasioned that wretched woman to make blunders which would have been too palpable were corrected in M. de Calonne's own handwriting.

The King's two guards who were wounded at Her Majesty's door on the 6th of October were M. du Repaire and M. de Miomandre de Sainte-Marie. On the dreadful night of the 6th of October the latter took the post of the former the moment he became incapable of maintaining it.

M. de Miomandre was at Paris, living on terms of friendship with another of the guards who, on the same day, received a gunshot wound from the brigands in another part of the castle. These two officers, who were attended and cured together at the infirmary of Versailles,¹ were almost constant companions; they were recognised at the Palais Royal and insulted. The Queen thought it advisable for them to quit Paris. She desired me to write to M. de Miomandre de Sainte-Marie to ask him to come to me at eight o'clock in the evening, and then to communicate to him her wish to hear of his being in safety; and ordered me, when he had made up his mind to go, to open her chest and tell him

¹ A considerable number of the body-guards who were wounded on the 6th of October betook themselves to the infirmary at Versailles. The presence of mind of M. Voisin, head surgeon of that infirmary, saved their lives. The brigands wanted to make their way into the infirmary in order to massacre them. M. Voisin ran to the entrance-hall, invited the assailants to refresh themselves, ordered some wine to be brought, and found means to direct the superior to remove the guards into a ward appropriated to the poor and to dress them in the caps and great-coats furnished by the institution. The good sisters executed this order with so much promptitude that the guards were removed, dressed as paupers, and their beds fresh made while the assassins were loitering to drink. They searched all the wards, and fancied they saw no persons there but the sick poor; thus the guards were saved.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN

in her name that gold could not repay such a service as he had rendered; that she hoped some day to be in sufficiently happy circumstances to recompense him as she ought; but that for the present her offer of money was only that of a sister to a brother situated as he then was, and that she requested he would take whatever might be necessary to discharge his debts at Paris and defray the expenses of his journey. She told me also to desire he would bring his friend Bertrand with him, and to make him the same offer as I was to make to M. de Miomandre.

The two guards came at the appointed hour, and each accepted, I think, one or two hundred louis. A moment afterwards the Queen opened my door. She was accompanied by the King and Madame Elizabeth. The King stood with his back against the fireplace; the Queen sat down upon a sofa, and Madame Elizabeth sat near her. I placed myself behind the Queen, and the two guards stood facing the King. The Queen told them that the King wished to see, before they went away, two of the brave men who had afforded him the strongest proofs of courage and attachment. Miomandre spoke, and said all that the Queen's affecting and flattering observations were calculated to inspire. Madame Elizabeth spoke of the King's sensibility; the Queen resumed the subject of their speedy departure, urging the necessity of it; the King was silent, but his emotion was evident, and his eyes were suffused with the tears of sensibility. The Queen rose, the King went out, and Madame Elizabeth followed him. The Queen stopped and said to me, in the recess of a window, "I am

sorry I brought the King here! I am sure Elizabeth thinks with me. If the King had but given utterance to a fourth part of what he thinks of those brave men they would have been in ecstasies; but he cannot overcome his diffidence."

The Emperor Joseph died about this time. The Queen's grief was not excessive. That brother, of whom she had been so proud, and whom she had loved so tenderly, had probably suffered greatly in her affections. She reproached him sometimes, though with great moderation, for having adopted several of the principles of the new philosophy, and perhaps she knew that he looked upon our troubles with the eye of the Sovereign of Germany rather than that of the brother of the Queen of France.¹

Mirabeau never entirely gave up the hope of becoming the last resource of the oppressed Court, and I remember that at this time some communications passed between the Queen and him. The question was about an office to be conferred upon him. This transpired, and it must have been about this period that the Assembly decreed that no deputy could hold an office as a minister of the King until the expiration of two years after the cessation of his legislative functions. I know that the Queen was much hurt at this decision, and considered that the Court had lost a promising opening.

¹ The Emperor Joseph sent the Queen an engraving which represented unfrocked nuns and monks. The first were trying on fashionable dresses; the latter were getting their hair dressed. This engraving was always left in a closet, and never hung up. The Queen told me to have it taken away; for she was hurt to see how much influence the philosophers had over her brother's mind and actions.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

The Palace of the Tuileries was a very disagreeable residence during the summer, which made the Queen wish to go to St. Cloud. The removal was decided on without any opposition. The National Guard of Paris followed the Court thither. At this period new plans of escape were presented; nothing would have been more easy at that time than to execute them. The King had obtained leave to go out without guards, and to be accompanied only by an aide-de-camp of M. de la Fayette. The Queen also had one on duty with her, and so had the Dauphin. The King and Queen often went out at four in the afternoon, and did not return until eight or nine.

This is one of the plans of emigration which the Queen communicated to me, the execution of which seemed infallible. The Royal Family were to meet in a wood four leagues from St. Cloud. Some persons who could be fully relied on were to accompany the King, who was always followed by his equerries and pages. The Queen was to join him with her daughter and Madame Elizabeth. These Princesses, as well as the Queen, had equerries and pages, of whose fidelity no doubt could be entertained. The Dauphin, likewise, was to have been at the place of rendezvous with Madame Tourzel: a large berlin and a chaise for the attendants were sufficient for the whole family. The aides-de-camp were to have been gained over or mastered. The King was to leave a letter for the National Assembly upon his bureau at St. Cloud. The people in the service of the King and Queen would have waited until nine in the evening without

anxiety, because the family sometimes did not return until that hour. The letter could not be forwarded to Paris until ten o'clock at the earliest. The Assembly would not be sitting at that hour; and as the President must have been sought for at his own house or elsewhere, it would have been midnight before the Assembly could have been summoned, and couriers could have been sent off to have the Royal Family stopped; but the latter would have been six or seven hours beforehand, as they would have started at six leagues' distance from Paris, and at this period travelling was not as yet impeded in France. The Queen approved of this plan, but I did not venture to interrogate her, and I even thought if it was put in execution she would leave me in ignorance of it. One evening, in the month of June, the people at the Castle, finding the King did not return by nine o'clock, were walking about the court-yards in a state of great anxiety. I thought the family was gone, and I could scarcely breathe amidst the confusion of my good wishes when I heard the sound of the carriages. I confessed to the Queen that I thought she had set off. She told me she must wait until the Queen's aunt had quitted France, and afterwards see whether the plan agreed with those formed abroad.¹

¹ On his return from one of the visits to St. Cloud, the King wrote to the Duchess de Polignac:

"I am returned from the country. The air has been of service to us; but how changed did the retreat appear to us! How desolate was the breakfast-room! Neither of you were there. I did not give up the hope of our meeting there again; but I know not when. How many things we shall have to say to one another! Your friend preserves her health, in spite of all the misfortunes

CHAPTER VI

First federation—Attempts to assassinate the Queen—Remarkable observations of that Princess—Affecting scene—Account of the affair of Nancy, written by Madame Campan at night in the Council Chamber, by the King's dictation—Madame Campan calumniated—Marks of confidence bestowed upon her by the Queen—Interview between that Princess and Mirabeau in the gardens of St. Cloud—He treats with the Court—Scoffs at the revolutionary party—Plan formed by the Princess for re-entering France through Lyons—Imprudence of persons attached to the Queen—Anecdote relative to M. de la Fayette—Departure of the King's aunts—Death of Mirabeau.

THERE was a meeting at Paris for the first federation on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. What an astonishing assemblage was this of 400,000 men, amongst whom there were not perhaps 200 who did not believe that the King found

which press upon her. Adieu, Duchess! Speak of me to your husband and all around you; and understand that I shall not be happy until the day I find myself with my old friends again."

"The further the first National Assembly advanced in its labours," adds Montjoie, by whom this letter is given, "the more unhappy the Queen found herself." We have a proof of this in these words from another note from Louis XVI. to the Duchess de Polignac:

"For the last eighteen months we have seen and heard nothing but disagreeable things. We do not lose our temper, but we are hurt and rendered melancholy at being thwarted in everything, particularly at being misrepresented."

In a former letter from the King to the Duchess, the following passage occurs:

"Your friend is unhappy and exceedingly misrepresented; but I flatter myself that justice will one day be done to her. Still, the wicked are very active; they are more readily believed than the good; you are a striking proof of it." ("History of Marie Antoinette," by Montjoie, page 262.)—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

happiness and glory in the order of things then being established. The love which was borne him by all, with the exception of those who meditated his ruin, still reigned in full force in the hearts of all the French of the departments; but, if I may judge from those whom I had an opportunity of seeing, it was totally impossible to enlighten them and rouse them from their enchantment. They were as much attached to the King as to the Constitution, and to the Constitution as to the King, and it was impossible to separate the one from the other in their hearts and minds.¹

1 To the particulars respecting the federation, contained in the Memoirs by Ferrières, we add the following. On one hand they describe the enthusiasm excited by that festival even among the English, and on the other characterise the far too licentious freedom of their stage:

"Two deputies from Nantes, who were sent to England to cement the fraternal union between the London Revolutionary Club and all the friends of the French Constitution, wrote the following letter:

"'From all that we have seen and known we can assure you that the people of London are at least as enthusiastic on the subject of the French Revolution as the people of France. We went yesterday to see the opera of *The Confederation of the French at the Champs de Mars*. This piece has been played daily for six weeks. The house is filled by five o'clock, though the performance does not begin till seven. When we got there there was no room, but as soon as they heard us speak French, without knowing us, they hastened to place us in the front of the boxes; they paid us every possible attention, and forced refreshments upon us.

"'The first act of this opera represents the arrival of several people at Paris to the federation.

"'The second, the works of the Champ de Mars.

"'The third, the Confederation itself.

"'In the second act capuchins are seen in grenadier caps, girls caressing abbés, the King comes in and chops with a hatchet; everybody at work and singing "*Ça ira, ça ira.*"

"'In the third act you see the municipal officers in scarfs, the National Assembly, the National Guard, officiating ministers in pontifical dresses and priests singing. A regiment of children sing, "*Moi je suis soldat pour la patrie*" in French and English. All this appears to us something new upon the banks of the Thames, and every verse is encored and enthusiastically applauded.'" — "Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.," vol. iv.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The Court returned to St. Cloud after the federation. A wretch named Rotondo made his way into the palace with the intention of assassinating the Queen. It is known that he penetrated to the inner gardens: the rain prevented Her Majesty from going out on that day. M. de la Fayette, who was aware of this plot, gave all the sentinels the strictest countersigns, and a description of the monster was distributed throughout the palace by order of the General. I do not know how he was saved from punishment. A counter police belonging to the King discovered that there was likewise a scheme on foot for poisoning the Queen. She spoke to me as well as to her head physician, M. Vicq-d'Azyr, about it without the slightest emotion. Both he and myself considered what precautions it would be proper to take. He relied much upon the Queen's temperance, yet he recommended me to have always a bottle of oil of sweet almonds within reach, and to renew it occasionally; oil and milk being, as is known, the most certain antidotes to the drastic action of corrosive poisons. The Queen had a habit which rendered M. Vicq-d'Azyr particularly uneasy: there was always some pounded sugar upon the table in Her Majesty's bed-chamber, and she frequently, without even calling anybody, put spoonfuls of it into a glass of water when she wished to drink. It was agreed that I should get a considerable quantity of sugar powdered; that I should always have some papers of it in my bag, and that three or four times a day, when alone in the Queen's room, I should substitute it for that in her sugar-basin. We knew that the Queen would have prevented all such precautions,

but we were not aware of her motive. One day she caught me alone making such an exchange as I speak of, and told me she supposed it was an operation agreed on between myself and M. Vicq-d'Azyr, but that I gave myself very unnecessary trouble. "Remember," added she, "that not a grain of poison will be used against me. The Brinvilliers do not belong to this century. This age possesses calumny, which is a much more convenient instrument of death, and it is by that I shall perish."

While similar melancholy presentiments and the most criminal projects afflicted and rent the heart of this unfortunate Princess, the sincerest manifestations of attachment to her person and to the King's cause would frequently raise agreeable illusions in her mind, or present to her the affecting spectacle of tears shed for her sorrows. I was one day, during this same visit at St. Cloud, witness of a very touching scene, which we took great care to keep secret. It was four in the afternoon; the guard was not set; there was scarcely anybody at St. Cloud that day, and I was reading to the Queen, who was at work in a room the balcony of which hung over the courtyard. The windows were closed, yet we heard a sort of murmur from a great number of voices which seemed to articulate only stifled sounds. The Queen desired me to go and see what it was. I raised the muslin curtain, and perceived more than fifty persons beneath the balcony; this group consisted of women, young and old, perfectly well dressed in the country costume, old chevaliers of Saint Louis, young knights of Malta, and a few ecclesiastics. I told the Queen it was

probably an assemblage of persons residing in the neighbourhood who wished to see her. She rose, opened the window, and appeared in the balcony. Immediately all these worthy people said to her, in an undertone, "Courage, Madame; good Frenchmen suffer for you and with you; they pray for you; Heaven will hear their prayers—we love you, we respect you, we will continue to venerate our virtuous King." The Queen burst into tears, and held her handkerchief to her eyes. "Poor Queen, she weeps!" said the women and young girls; but the dread of exposing Her Majesty, and even the persons who showed so much affection for her, prompted me to take her hand and prevail upon her to retire into her room; and, raising my eyes, I gave the excellent people to understand that my conduct was dictated by prudence. They comprehended me, for I heard, "That lady is in the right"; and afterwards, "Farewell, madam!" from several of them; and all this in accents of feeling so genuine and so mournful that I am affected at the recollection of them even after a lapse of twenty years.

A few days afterwards the insurrection of Nancy took place. Only the apparent cause of this insurrection is known; there was another, of which I might have been in full possession if the great confusion I was in upon the subject had not deprived me of the power of paying attention to it. I will endeavour to explain myself. In the early part of September the Queen, as she was going to bed, desired me to let all her people go and to remain with her myself. When we were alone she said to

me, "The King will come here at midnight. You know that he has always shown you marks of distinction; he now proves his confidence in you by selecting you to write down the whole affair of Nancy from his dictation. He must have several copies of it." At midnight the King came to the Queen's apartments, and said to me, smiling, "You did not expect to become my secretary, and that, too, during the night." I followed the King into the council-chamber. I found there a blank paper book, an inkstand and pens all ready prepared. He sat down by my side and dictated to me the report of the Marquis de Bouillé, which he himself copied at the same time. My hand trembled, and I wrote with difficulty, my reflections scarcely leaving me sufficient power of attention to listen to the King. The large table, the velvet carpet, seats which ought to have been filled by none but the King's chief counsellors; what that chamber had been, and what it was at that moment, when the King was employing a woman in an office which had so little affinity with her ordinary functions; the misfortunes which had brought him to the necessity of doing so, those which my affection and my apprehension for my Sovereigns made me still dread—all these ideas made such an impression upon me that, when I had returned to the Queen's apartments, I could not sleep for the remainder of the night, nor could I remember what I had written.

The more I saw that I had the happiness to be of some service to my employers, the more scrupulously careful was I to live entirely with my family, and I never indulged in any conversation which could

betray the intimacy into which I was admitted. But nothing at Court remains long concealed, and I soon saw I had numerous enemies. The means of injuring others, especially in the minds of Sovereigns, are but too easy; they were become still more so, since mere suspicion of communication with the partisans of the Revolution was sufficient to forfeit the esteem and confidence of the King and Queen. Happily my conduct protected me against the dangers of calumny. I had left St. Cloud two days when I received at Paris a note from the Queen containing these words: "Come to St. Cloud immediately; I have something concerning you to communicate." I set off without loss of time. Her Majesty told me she had a sacrifice to request of me. I answered that it was made. She said it went so far as the renunciation of a friend's society; that such a renunciation was always painful, but that it must be particularly so to me; that, for her own part, perhaps it might have suited her very well that a deputy, a man of talent, should be constantly received at my house, which might be extremely useful to her, but that, at this moment, she thought only of my welfare. The Queen then informed me that the ladies of the bed-chamber had, the preceding evening, assured her that M. de Beaumetz, deputy from the Nobility of Artois, who had taken his seat on the left of the Assembly, spent his whole time at my house. Perceiving upon what false grounds the attempt to injure me was founded, I replied respectfully, but at the same time smiling, that it was impossible for me to make the sacrifice exacted by Her Majesty; that M. de Beaumetz, a man of

great judgment, had not determined to cross over to the left of the Assembly, with the intention of afterwards coming to make himself unpopular by spending his time with the Queen's first woman; that ever since the 1st of October, 1789, I had seen him nowhere but at the play or in the public walks, and even then without his ever coming to speak to me; and that this line of conduct had appeared to me perfectly consistent, for that, whether he was desirous to please the popular party or to be sought after by the Court, he could not act in any other way towards me. The Queen closed this explanation by saying, "Oh! it is clear, as clear as the day! This opportunity of attempting to do you an injury is very ill-chosen, but be cautious in your slightest actions. You perceive that the confidence placed in you by the King and myself creates you powerful enemies."

The private communications which were still kept up between the Court and Mirabeau at length procured him an interview with the Queen in the gardens of St. Cloud.¹ He left Paris on horseback on pretence of going into the country to M. de Clavières, one of our friends, but he stopped at one of the gates of the garden of St. Cloud, and was led, I know not by whom, to a spot situated in the most elevated part of the private garden, where the Queen was waiting for him. She told me she accosted him by saying, "With a common enemy, with a man who had sworn

¹ It was not in her apartments, as is asserted by M. de Lacretelle, that the Queen received Mirabeau, his person was too generally known. She went alone in her garden to a round tuft of ground, which is still upon the heights of the private garden of St. Cloud.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

to destroy monarchy, without appreciating its utility among a great people, I should at this moment be guilty of a most ill-advised step, but in speaking to a Mirabeau," &c. The poor Queen was delighted at having discovered this method of exalting him above all others of his principles, and in imparting the particulars of this interview to me, she said, "Do you know that those words, 'a Mirabeau,' appeared to flatter him exceedingly." However, to the best of my judgment, it was flattering him but little, for his abilities did more harm than ever they could do good. On leaving the Queen, he said to her with warmth, "Madam, the monarchy is saved!"¹ It must have been soon afterwards that Mirabeau received very considerable sums of money. He suffered it to appear too plainly by the increase of his expenditure. Already some of his remarks upon the necessity of arresting the progress of the factions circulated in society. Being once invited to meet a person at dinner who was very much attached to the Queen, he learned that that person withdrew on hearing that he was one of the guests. The party who invited him told him this with some degree of satisfaction, but all were very much astonished when they heard Mirabeau eulogise the absent guest, and declare that in his place he would have done the same; but, he added, they had only to invite that person again in a few months and he would then dine with the restorer of the monarchy. Mirabeau forgot that it was more easy to do harm

¹ *Vide* the anecdote given in Weber's Memoirs, vol. ii., upon the subject of this interview.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

than good, and thought himself the Atlas of the whole world in politics.

Outrages and mockery were incessantly mingled with the audacious proceedings of the Revolutionists. It was customary to give serenades under the King's windows on New Year's Day, and the band of the National Guards repaired thither on that festival in 1791. In allusion to the liquidation of the debts of the State, decreed by the Assembly, they played solely and repeatedly that air from the comic opera of the *Debts*, the burden of which is: "But our creditors are paid, and that makes us easy."

On the same day some "conquerors of the Bastille," grenadiers of the Parisian guard, preceded by military music, came to present to the young Dauphin, as a New Year's gift, a box of dominoes made of some of the stone and marble of which that State prison was built. The Queen gave me this inauspicious curiosity, desiring me to preserve it, as it would be a curious illustration of the history of the Revolution. Upon the lid were engraved some bad verses, the purport of which was as follows: "*These stones from the walls which enclosed the innocent victims of arbitrary power have been converted into a toy to be presented to you, Monseigneur, as a homage of the people's love, and to teach you the extent of their power.*"

The Queen said that M. de la Fayette's thirst for popularity doomed him to lend himself, without discrimination, to all popular follies. Her aversion for the General increased daily and grew so powerful that when, towards the end of the Revolution, he seemed willing to support the tottering throne, she

could never bring herself to incur so great an obligation to him.

Emigration had already removed a great many people: persons who before this period would never have dared to aspire to any office of distinction, now sought, under pretence of zeal for the King's cause, to get into the interior of the Tuileries. I knew many of them; some were mere wretched adventurers, others were well-intentioned but wanted the abilities which would have rendered them useful.

M. de J——, a colonel attached to the staff of the army, was fortunate enough to render several services to the Queen, and acquitted himself with discretion and dignity of various important missions.¹ Their Majesties had the highest confidence in him, although it frequently happened that his prudent fears, when inconsiderate projects were under discussion, brought upon him, from thoughtless persons and from enemies, the charge of following the principles of the Constitutionals. Being sent to Turin, he had some difficulty in dissuading the Princes from a scheme they had formed at that period of re-entering France, with a very weak army, by the way of Lyons; and when, in a council, which lasted till three o'clock in the morning, he showed his instructions and demonstrated that the measure would endanger the King, the Count d'Artois alone declared against the plan, which emanated from the Prince de Condé.

¹ During the Queen's detention in the Temple, he introduced himself into that prison in the dirty dress of a lamplighter, and there discharged his duty unrecognised. This act of attachment is still known only to his family and a few very intimate friends.

—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Among the persons employed in subordinate situations whom the critical circumstances of the times introduced into affairs of importance was one M. de Goguelat, a geographical engineer at Versailles and an excellent draughtsman. He had made plans of St. Cloud and Trianon for the Queen; she was very much pleased with them, and got the engineer admitted into the staff of the army. At the commencement of the Revolution he was sent to Count Esterhazy, at Valenciennes, in the capacity of aide-de-camp. The latter rank was given him solely to remove him from Versailles, where he endangered the Queen, during the earlier months of the Assembly of the States-General. Making a parade of his devotion to the King's interests, he went repeatedly to the tribunes of the Assembly, and there openly railed at all the motions of the deputies, and then returned to the Queen's antechamber, where he repeated all that he had just heard or had had the imprudence to say.

I had warned the Queen of the ill effect that this officer's warmth produced; and she agreed with me in opinion respecting it. But unfortunately, at the same time that she sent away M. de Goguelat, she continued in the belief that in a dangerous predicament, and one that required great self-devotion, the man might be employed advantageously. In 1791 he was commissioned to act in concert with the Marquis de Bouillé in furtherance of the King's intended escape.¹

Projectors in great numbers endeavoured to intro-

¹ Upon the subject of this officer's conduct consult the Memoirs of M. de Bouillé, those of the Duke de Choiseul, and the account of the journey to Varennes, by M. de Fontanges, in Weber's Memoirs.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

duce themselves not only to the Queen but to Madame Elizabeth, who had communications with many individuals who took upon themselves to lay down plans for the conduct of the Court. The Baron de Gillien and M. de Vanoise were of this description; they went to the Baroness de Mackau's, where the Princess spent almost all her evenings. The Queen did not like these meetings, from which Madame Elizabeth might adopt views in manifest opposition to the King's intentions or her own.

The Queen gave frequent audiences to M. de la Fayette. One day, when he was in her inner closet, his aides-de-camp, who waited for him, were walking up and down the great room where the persons in attendance remained. Some imprudent young women were thoughtless enough to say, with the intention of being overheard by those officers, that it was very alarming to see the Queen alone with a rebel and a brigand. I was hurt at such indiscretion, which always produced bad effects, and I imposed silence on them. One of them persisted in the appellation "brigand." I told her that, as to "rebel," M. de la Fayette well deserved the name; but that the title of leader of a party was given by history to every man commanding 40,000 men, a capital and forty leagues of country; that Kings had frequently treated with such leaders, and if it was convenient to the Queen to do the same it remained only for us to be silent and respect her action. On the morrow the Queen, with a serious air but with the greatest kindness, asked what I had said respecting M. de la Fayette on the preceding day; adding that she had been assured I had enjoined

her women silence, because they did not like him, and that I had taken his part. I repeated what had passed to the Queen word for word. She condescended to tell me that I had done perfectly right.

Whenever jealousy conveyed any false reports to her respecting me, she was kind enough to inform me of them; and they had no effect on the confidence with which she continued to honour me, and which I am happy to think I have justified, even at the risk of my life.

Mesdames the King's aunts set out from Bellevue in the beginning of the year 1791.¹ I went to take

1 Alexander Berthier, Prince de Neufchâtel, then a colonel on the staff of the army, and commandant of the National Guard of Versailles, favoured the departure of Mesdames. The Jacobins of that town procured his dismissal, and he ran the greatest risk, on account of having rendered this service to these Princesses.*—
NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

* The departure of Mesdames possessed the importance of an event. It was an actual experiment made by the Court of the means to be taken to quit Paris. We will here relate, from the Memoirs devoted to the history of these Princesses, what concerns General Berthier, and the part he took in the departure of Mesdames. In the *Historical Illustrations* (I) will be found speeches, facts and discussions which prove the suspicions conceived by the National Party, and the concealed intentions of the Administration.

"A crowd of women collected at Bellevue to oppose the setting out of Mesdames. On their arrival at the château they were told that Mesdames were no longer there, and they were gone with a suite of twenty persons. The intelligence of this departure caused a great ferment at the Palais Royal. All the clubs who were apprised of it gave orders to the leaders to put the light troops in motion. The department of Seine and Oise came to a resolution that there were no grounds for retaining the property of the Princesses. The municipality of Versailles was charged to require the commandant of the National Guard and the troops of the line to aid and assist. It was to have an understanding with the municipalities of Sèvres and Meudon to put down all obstacles.

"General Berthier justified the monarch's confidence by a firm and prudent line of conduct, which entitled him to the highest military honours and to the esteem of the warrior whose fortune, dangers and glory he afterwards shared. He went to Bellevue at midnight of the very day on which the order was made. As soon as the municipalities of Sèvres and Meudon were informed of his arrival at the château, they both came to a resolution by which they left the General full liberty to

leave of Madame Victoire. I little thought that I was then seeing that august and virtuous protectress of my earliest youth for the last time in my life. She received me alone in her closet, and assured me that she hoped and wished to return to France very soon; that the French would be much to be pitied if the excesses of the Revolution should arrive at such a pitch as to force her to prolong her absence. I knew from the Queen that the departure of Mesdames was deemed necessary, in order to leave the King free to act when he should be compelled to go away with his family. It being impossible that the Constitution of the Clergy should be otherwise than in direct opposition to the religious principles of Mesdames, they thought that their journey to Rome would be attributed to piety alone. It was, however, difficult to deceive an Assembly which would, of course, weigh the slightest

act for the department; but in order to leave their own sentiments relative to Mesdames uncertain, these two municipalities made the arrangement which provided that no search should be made in either the château or its dependencies.

"The posts were relieved quietly enough, but when it was necessary to send off the carriages, murmurs broke out and violent resistance was made. Part of the armed force, and the unarmed mob, declared that Mesdames should not go, and uttered horrible imprecations against those Princesses. A sapper of the National Guard of Sèvres, an officer of the same guard and an officer of chasseurs distinguished themselves by formal and obstinate disobedience. Several gunners, instead of keeping the refractory in awe by remaining at their guns, cut the traces of one of the carriages. Such was the impotence of the laws that General Berthier, although invested with full powers by reiterated acts of the departments and municipalities of Versailles and Meudon, could not send off the equipages. This officer, full of honour and gifted with the highest courage, was shut into the courtyard of Bellevue by his own troop, and ran great risk of being murdered. It was not until the 14th of March that he succeeded in executing the law. Further on may be seen what obstacles he had to overcome, and to what dangers he was exposed. He was indebted to his coolness for his preservation, and he contrived to prevent the carnage which he might have made of the factious." *Vide* the note of the following page and the explanation under letter (H). ("Memoirs of Mesdames," by Montigny, vol. i.)—

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

actions of the Royal Family, and from that moment they were more than ever alive to what was passing at the Tuileries.

Mesdames were desirous of taking Madame Elizabeth to Rome. The free exercise of religion, the happiness of taking refuge with the head of the Church and living in safety with her aunt, whom she tenderly loved—all was sacrificed by that virtuous Princess to her attachment to the King's person.¹

The oath required of priests by the Civil Constitution of the Clergy introduced a division into France which added to the multiplied dangers by which the King was already surrounded. Mirabeau spent a whole night with the Curé de Saint-Eustache, confessor of the King and Queen, to persuade him to take the oath required by that Constitution. Their Majesties chose another confessor, who remained unknown.

1 The *Chronique de Paris*, a newspaper written under the influence of the Constitutional party, contained the following article on the departure of Mesdames:

"Two Princesses, sedentary from condition, age and choice, find themselves all on a sudden seized with a mania for travelling and running all over the world. 'Tis odd, but 'tis possible. They are going, it is said, to kiss the Pope's toe—comical, but edifying.

"Thirty-two sections, and all good citizens, interpose between them and Rome. *That's of course.*

"Mesdames, and particularly Madame Adelaide, wish to enjoy the rights of man. *'Tis natural.*

"They do not go, they say, with intentions hostile to the Revolution. *Possible, but doubtful.*

"These fair travellers take eighty persons in their suite—'tis pretty; but they carry off twelve millions—very ugly.

"They want change of air—that's common enough. But their removal makes their creditors uneasy—that's common enough also.

"They burn to travel (a maid's desire is a consuming fire)—of course. Others burn to stop them—of course, too.

"Mesdames insist that they are free to go wherever they please. *'Tis true.*"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

A few months afterwards the too celebrated Mirabeau, the mercenary democrat and venal Royalist, terminated his career. The Queen regretted him, and was herself astonished when she spoke of her regret; but she had hoped that he who had possessed adroitness and weight enough to throw everything into confusion would have been able, by the same means, to repair the mischief caused by his fatal genius. Much has been said respecting the cause of Mirabeau's death. M. Cabanis, his friend and physician, denied that he was poisoned. I heard what follows said to the Queen by M. Vicq-d'Azyr the very day on which the body was opened. That gentleman assured her that the *procès-verbal* drawn up on the state of the intestines would apply just as well to a case of death produced by violent remedies as to one produced by poison. He said also that the professional people had been faithful in their report; but that it was more prudent to conclude it by a declaration of natural death, since, in the critical state in which France then was, a person innocent of any such crime might be sacrificed to public vengeance.

CHAPTER VII

Preparations for the journey to Varennes—The Queen watched and betrayed—Madame Campan's departure for Auvergne precedes that of the Royal Family for Versailles—Madame Campan hears of the King's arrest—Note written to her by the Queen immediately upon her return to Paris—Anecdotes—Measures taken for keeping the King at the Tuileries—The Queen's hair turns white from grief—Barnave gains the esteem and confidence of Marie Antoinette during the return from Versailles—His honourable and respectful conduct: she contrasts it with that of Pétion—Anecdote honourable to Barnave—His advice to the Queen—Particulars respecting the Varennes journey.

In the beginning of the spring of 1791 the King, tired of remaining at the Tuileries, wished to return to St. Cloud. His whole household was gone, and his dinner was prepared there. He got into his carriage at one; the guard mutinied, shut the gates, and declared they would not let him pass. This event certainly proceeded from some appearances of a plan for an escape. Two persons who drew near the King's carriage were very ill treated. My father-in-law was violently laid hold of by the guards, who took his sword from him. The King and his family were obliged to alight and return to their apartments. They did not much regret this outrage in their hearts; they saw in it a justification, even in the eyes of the people, of their intentions to leave Paris.

So early as the month of March, in the same year,

the Queen began to busy herself in preparing for her departure. I spent that month with her, and executed a great number of secret orders which she gave me respecting the intended event. It was with uneasiness that I saw her thus occupied with cares which seemed to me useless and even dangerous, and I remarked to her that the Queen of France would find linen and gowns everywhere. My observations were made in vain: she determined to have a complete wardrobe with her at Brussels, as well for her children as herself. I went out alone, and almost disguised, to purchase the articles necessary and have them made up.

I ordered six chemises at the shop of one seamstress, six at that of another, gowns, combing cloths, &c. My sister had a complete set of clothes made for Madame by the measure of her eldest daughter, and I ordered clothes for the Dauphin from those of my son. I filled a mail-trunk with these things, and addressed them by the Queen's orders to one of her women, the widow of the Mayor of Arras, where she lived, by virtue of an unlimited leave of absence, in order that she might be ready to start for Brussels, or any other place, as soon as she should be directed to do so. This lady had landed property in Austrian Flanders, and could at any time quit Arras unobserved.

The Queen was to take only her first woman in attendance with her from Paris. She apprised me that if I should not be on duty at the moment of departure she would make arrangements for my joining her. She determined also to take with her

her travelling dressing-case. She consulted me upon her idea of sending it off, under pretence of making a present of it to the Archduchess Christina, Governante of the Low Countries. I ventured to oppose this plan strongly, and observed to her that, amidst so many people who watched her slightest actions, it might reasonably be foreseen that there would be found a sufficient number sharp-sighted enough to discover that the word "present" was used only as a pretence for sending away the property in question before her departure. She persisted in her intention, and all I could obtain was that the dressing-case should not be removed from her apartment, and a consent that M. de —, *chargé d'affaires* from the Court of Vienna during the absence of the Count de Mercy, should come and ask her at her toilette, before all her people, to order one exactly like her own for the Governante of the Low Countries. The Queen therefore commanded me, before the *chargé d'affaires*, to order the article in question. This way of putting her intention in execution occasioned only the slight inconvenience of an expense of 500 louis, and appeared calculated to lull suspicion completely. If I omit no circumstance concerning this dressing-case it is because these minute details are important, since the early preparations for the journey were discovered by a woman whose conduct I had long suspected, and who I dreaded would give information of them. This was a woman belonging to the wardrobe; her duty continued uninterrupted throughout the year. As she had been placed with the Queen at the time of her marriage, Her Majesty was accus-

tomed to see her, and was pleased with her address and intelligence. Her situation was above that to which a woman of her class was entitled; her salary and emoluments had been gradually increased until they afforded her an income of about 12,000 francs. She was handsome; she received in her apartments above the Queen's, in the little rooms between the two floors, several deputies of the Tiers Etat; and she had M. de Gouvion, an aide-de-camp of M. de la Fayette, for her lover. We shall soon see how far she carried her ingratitude.

About the middle of May, 1791, a month after the Queen had ordered me to bespeak the dressing-case, she asked me whether it would soon be finished. I sent for the ivory-turner who had it in hand. He could not complete it until the end of six weeks. I informed the Queen of this, and she told me she should not be able to wait for it, as she was to set out in the course of June. She added that as she had ordered her sister's dressing-case in the presence of all her attendants, she had taken a sufficient precaution, especially in saying that her sister was out of patience at not receiving it, and that therefore her own must be emptied and cleaned and taken to the *chargé d'affaires*, who would send it off. I executed this order without appearing to conceal it by the slightest mystery. I desired the wardrobe woman to take out of the dressing-case all that it contained, because that intended for the Archduchess could not be finished for some time, and to take great care to leave no remains of the perfumes, which might not suit that Princess. I will anticipate the order

of events to show that all these precautions were no less useless than dangerous.

After the return from Varennes the Mayor of Paris put into the Queen's hands an information by the wardrobe woman, dated the 21st of May, in which she declared that preparations were making at the Tuileries for departure; that it was supposed she would not guess the true reason for the dressing-case being sent from the Queen to Brussels, but that the mention of a present made by Her Majesty to her sister was but a mere pretence; that Her Majesty liked the article in question too well to deprive herself of it, and that she had often said it would be highly useful to her in case she should have a journey to perform. She declared also that I was shut up a whole evening with the Queen busied in packing her diamonds; and that she had found them separated with cotton upon the sofa in the Queen's closet at the Tuileries. From this information the Queen concluded that this woman had, unknown to her, a duplicate key to the closet. Her Majesty did one evening, it is true, break off the arranging of her diamonds at seven o'clock to go to the card-table, and took the key of her closet, saying that she would come the next day and finish packing with me, that there was a sentinel under the window, that she had the key of her closet in her pocket, and therefore saw no danger of her jewels being stolen. It must then have been in the evening after we left the closet, or very early the next morning, that the wretch discovered the secret preparations. The box of diamonds was placed in the hands of Leonard,

the Queen's hairdresser,¹ who went away with the Duke de Choiseul, and the deposit was left at Brussels. Their Majesties had already delivered up the Crown diamonds which they had in use to the commissioners of the Assembly; those which the Queen sent out of France belonged to her in her own right.

It was during these preparations for departure that the Queen told me she had a very precious charge to entrust to me, and that I must find out some person who could be relied upon in an independent situation of life, and entirely devoted to their Sovereigns, to whom I should confide a portfolio that she would place in my hands. I pitched upon Madame Valayer Coster, a member of the Academy of Painting, who lodged in the galleries of the Louvre, and in whom, as well as in her husband, I knew that all the qualifications required by the Queen were to be found. They proved as faithful as I had foretold they would be. It was not until September, 1791, after the acceptance of the Constitution, that they returned the portfolio to me. The guilty woman, of whom I have had but too much to say, made her communications respecting this fact also. She said she had seen a portfolio upon a chair, where there was not usually one placed; that the Queen, pointing to it, spoke to me in a whisper, and that it had disappeared from that time. M. Bailly, who sent two whole pages of these denunciations to

¹ This unfortunate man, after having emigrated for some time, returned to France and perished upon the scaffold.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

the Queen, made no use of them which could possibly be injurious to Her Majesty.

Madame the Duchess d'Angoulême must have come into possession of all the Queen's diamonds. Her Majesty retained nothing but a suite of pearls and a pair of earrings, composed of a ring and two drops, each formed of a single diamond. These earrings and several fancy trinkets, which were not worth the trouble of packing up, remained in Her Majesty's cabinet at the Tuileries, and were, of course, seized by the committee which took possession of the palace on the 10th of August.

After having made the preparations of which I have spoken, I had yet many private commissions, all relative to the departure, to fulfil. I was myself upon the eve of quitting Paris with my father-in-law. The Queen, apprehensive of the excesses in which the people might indulge at the moment of her flight against those whose attachment to her person was known, being unwilling that he should remain in the capital, desired M. Vicq-d'Azyr to prescribe the waters of Mont-d'Or for him. Her Majesty had also the goodness to regret that my situation about her did not admit of my going away with her, and she offered me five hundred louis for the journey I had to take, until the time when I should rejoin her. I had as much money as was necessary for myself, and I knew besides of how much consequence it was to her to keep as much as possible. I therefore did not accept them. As for the rest, she assured me that the King was only going to the frontiers, there to treat with the Assembly, and would quit France only in case his plan and

proposals did not produce the effect hoped for. She relied upon a numerous party in the Assembly, many of the members of which, she said, were cured of their first enthusiasm. I set off therefore on the 1st of June, and on the 6th reached Mont d'Or, daily expecting to hear of the departure. At length the news arrived. I had already prepared what I thought would make my escape certain; but the steps taken by the Assembly after the departure of Their Majesties would have rendered that escape more difficult than the Queen had thought. I was ready to begin my journey when I heard a courier, who came from the little town of Besse, shouting to the inhabitants of Mont d'Or, with transports of joy, that the King and Queen were stopped.¹ That same evening the intelligence was confirmed, and two days afterwards we received a letter from the Queen, written under her dictation by one of her gentlemen ushers,² whose devotion and discretion were known to her. It contained these words: "I dictate from my bath, into which I have just thrown myself, to support, at least, my physical strength. I can say nothing of the state of my mind; we exist, that is all. Do not return here, excepting upon the receipt of a letter from myself; this is very important." This letter, unsigned, bore date the day of the Queen's arrival at Paris. We recognised the hand of him who wrote it, and were much affected at seeing that at such a

¹ See further on the note at page 133. See also among the *Illustrations* furnished by Madame Campan (No. 3).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

² This officer was massacred in the Queen's chamber on the 10th of August, 1792.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

moment the unfortunate Princess had deigned to think of us. After the receipt of this letter I returned to Clermont, where the Assembly's committee *de surveillance* would have had us arrested; but as it was proved that M. Campan was really ill at the moment of his departure from Paris, that rigorous course was waived. In the early part of August the Queen desired me to return to Paris, writing word that she did not see there was any further danger in my going there, and that my speedy return would be agreeable to her. I therefore cannot give any other particulars of Their Majesties' flight than those which I have heard related by the Queen and those persons who witnessed her return home.

When the Royal Family were brought back from Varennes to the Tuileries the Queen's attendants found the greatest difficulty in making their way to her apartments. Everything had been arranged so that the wardrobe woman, who had acted as spy, should alone have the duty, and she was to be assisted in it by her sister and her sister's daughter.

M. de Gouvion, M. de la Fayette's aide-de-camp, had this woman's portrait placed at the foot of the staircase which led to the Queen's apartments, in order that the sentinel should not permit any other women to make their way in. As soon as the Queen was informed of this pitiful precaution she informed the King of it, who, not being able to credit it, sent to the bottom of the staircase to ascertain the fact. His Majesty then called for M. de la Fayette, claimed freedom in his household, and particularly in that of the Queen, and ordered him to send a woman

in whom no one but himself could confide out of the palace. M. de la Fayette was obliged to comply.¹

The measures adopted for guarding the King were at the same time rigorous with respect to the entrance into the palace and insulting as to his household. The commandants of battalion stationed in the saloon called the Grand Cabinet, which led to the Queen's bed-chamber, were ordered to keep the door of it always open in order that they might have their eyes upon the Royal Family. The King shut this door one day; the officer of the guard opened it, and told him such were his orders and that he would always open it, so that His Majesty in shutting it gave himself useless trouble. It remained open even during the

¹ The orders by which all the women attached to the Queen's service were kept out were broken by the people in a manner which is an instance of those sudden changes which striking circumstances never fail to effect in mobs. On the day when the return of the unfortunate travellers was expected, there were no carriages in motion in the streets of Paris. Five or six of the Queen's women, after being refused admittance at all the other gates, went with one of my sisters, who had the honour to be attached to Her Majesty, to that of the Feuillans, earnestly insisting that the sentinel should admit them. The *poissardes* attacked them for their boldness in resisting the orders. One of them seized my sister by the arm, calling her slave of the Austrian. "Hear me," said my sister to her firmly and in the true accent of the feeling which inspired her; "I have been attached to the Queen ever since I was fifteen years of age; she portioned me and married me. I served her when she was powerful and happy. She is now unfortunate! Ought I to abandon her?" "She is right," cried these furies; "she ought not to abandon her mistress; let us make a passage for them." They instantly surrounded the sentinel, forced the passage, and introduced the Queen's women accompanying them to the terrace of the Feuillans. One of these furies, whom the slightest impulse would have driven to tear my sister to pieces, then taking her under her protection, gave her some advice by which she might reach the palace in safety. "But of all things, my dear friend," said she to her, "pull off that green sash; it is the sash of that D'Artois whom we will never forgive."—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

night, when the Queen was in bed; and the officer placed himself in an arm-chair between the two doors with his head turned towards Her Majesty. They only obtained permission to have the inner door shut when the Queen was rising and dressing. The Queen had the bed of her first *femme de chambre* placed very near her own; this bed, which ran on castors and was furnished with curtains, hid her from the officer's sight.

Madame de Jarjaye, my companion, who continued her functions during the whole period of my absence, told me that one night the commandant of battalion, who slept between the two doors, seeing that she was sleeping soundly and that the Queen was awake, quitted his post and went close to Her Majesty to advise her as to the line of conduct she was to pursue. Although she had the kindness to desire him to speak lower in order that he might not disturb Madame de Jarjaye's rest, the latter awoke and was near dying with the shock of seeing a man in the uniform of the Parisian guard so near the Queen's bed. Her Majesty confronted her and told her not to rise; that the person she saw was a good Frenchman, who was deceived respecting the intentions and situation of his Sovereign and herself, but whose conversation showed a sincere attachment to the King. There was a sentinel in the black corridor which runs behind the apartments in question, where there is a staircase, which was at that time a private one, and enabled the King and Queen to communicate freely. This post, which was very disagreeable because it was to be kept four-and-twenty

hours, was often claimed by Saint-Prix, an actor belonging to the French theatre. He devoted himself to it, if I may use the expression, in order to facilitate short interviews between the King and Queen in this corridor. He used to leave them at a distance and give them notice if he heard the slightest noise. M. Collot, commandant of battalion of the National Guard, who was charged with the military duty of the Queen's household, in like manner softened down as far as he could with prudence all the harsh orders he received; for instance, one to follow the Queen to the very door of her wardrobe was never executed. An officer of the Parisian guard daring to speak insolently to the Queen in her own apartment, M. Collot wished to make a complaint to M. de la Fayette against him and have him removed. The Queen opposed it, and condescended to say a few words of explanation and kindness to the man; he instantly became one of her most devoted partisans.

The first time I saw Her Majesty after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Varennes journey I found her getting out of bed. Her features were not very much altered, but after the first kind words she uttered to me she took off her cap and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It became in one single night as white as that of a woman of seventy. I will not here describe the feelings which lacerated my heart. To speak of my own troubles would be quite out of place when I am retracing those of so exalted an unfortunate. Her Majesty showed me a ring she had just had mounted

for the Princess de Lamballe. It contained a lock of her whitened hair with the inscription, "Bleached by sorrow." At the period of the acceptance of the Constitution the Princess wished to return to France. The Queen, who had no expectation that tranquillity would be restored, opposed this, but the attachment which Madame de Lamballe had vowed impelled her to come and tempt her own destruction.

When I returned to Paris most of the harsh precautions were abandoned. The doors were kept open, greater respect was paid to the Sovereign. It was known that the Constitution soon to be completed would be accepted, and a better order of things was hoped for.

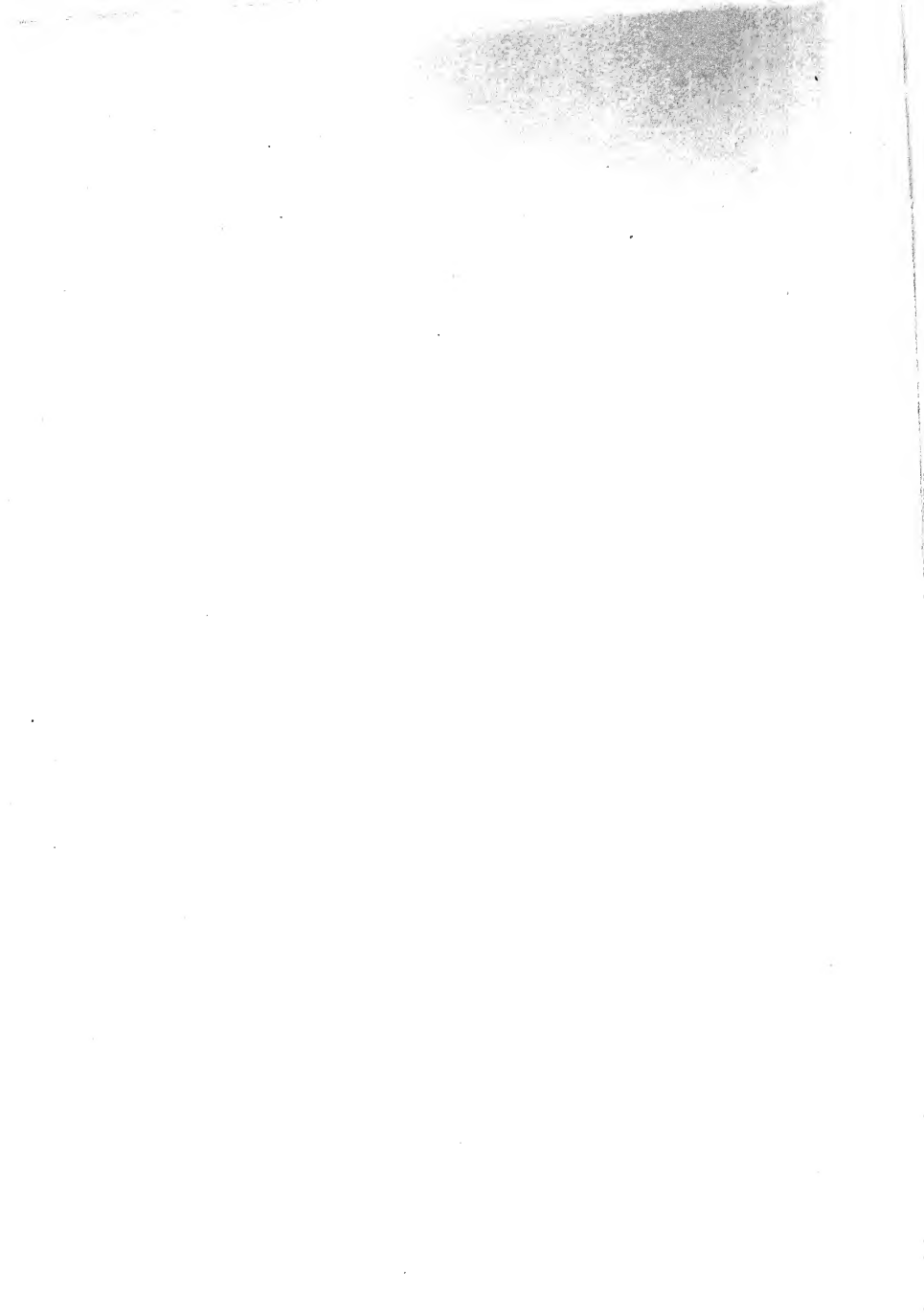
On the day of my arrival the Queen took me into her closet to tell me that she should have great need of me in a communication she had established with Barnave, Duport and Alexandre Lameth. She informed me that M. de J——¹ was her negotiator with those remnants of the Constitutional party who had good intentions, but unfortunately too late, and told me that Barnave was a man worthy of esteem. I was astonished to hear Barnave's name pronounced with so much goodwill. When I quitted Paris a great number of persons spoke of him only with horror. I observed this to her, and she was not surprised at it, but told me he was much altered; that the young man, who was full of talent and noble feeling, belonged to that class which is distinguished by education, and was merely misled by the ambition to which

¹ It was the Queen who ordered M. de J—— to see to those three deputies.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

real merit gave birth. "A feeling of pride which I cannot much blame in a young man belonging to the Tiers Etat," said the Queen, speaking of Barnave, "made him support everything which smoothed the road to rank and fame for the class in which he was born, and if we get the power into our own hands again, Barnave's pardon is beforehand written in our hearts." The Queen added that she had not the same feeling towards those Nobles who had thrown themselves into the revolutionary party, they who obtained all the marks of favour, and that very often to the injury of those of an inferior order among whom the greatest talent was to be found; in short, that the Nobles, who were born to be the safeguard of the monarchy, were too guilty in having betrayed its cause ever to obtain their pardon. The Queen astonished me more and more by the warmth with which she justified the favourable opinion she had formed of Barnave. She then told me that his conduct upon the road was perfectly correct, while Pétion's republican rudeness was disgusting; that the latter ate and drank in the King's berlin in a slovenly manner, throwing the bones of the fowls out through the window at the risk of sending them even into the King's face, lifting up his glass when Madame Elizabeth poured him out wine to show her that there was enough without saying a word; that this offensive behaviour must have been by design, because the man was not without education; and that Barnave was hurt at it. On being pressed by the Queen to take something, "Madam," replied Barnave, "on so solemn an occasion the deputies of the National

LOUIS XVI AND MARIE ANTOINETTE
ARRESTED AT VARENNES

After the painting by Henri Cain



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Howe & Co.



Assembly ought to engage Your Majesty's attention solely by their mission and by no means about their wants." In short, his respectful delicacy, his considerate attentions and all that he uttered gained the esteem not only of the Queen but of Madame Elizabeth also.

The King began to talk to Pétion about the situation of France and the motives of his conduct, which were founded upon the necessity of giving to the executive power a strength necessary for its action—for the good even of the Constitutional Act—since France could not be a Republic. "Not yet, 'tis true," replied Pétion, "because the French are not ripe enough for that." This audacious and cruel answer silenced the King, who said no more until his arrival at Paris. Pétion held the little Dauphin upon his knees and amused himself with curling the beautiful light hair of the interesting child round his fingers, and as he spoke with much gesticulation he pulled his locks hard enough to make the Dauphin cry out. "Give me my son," said the Queen to him, "he is accustomed to tenderness and delicacy, which render him little fit for such familiarity."

The Chevalier de Dampierre was killed near the King's carriage upon leaving Varennes. A poor village Curé, some leagues from the place where the crime was committed, was imprudent enough to draw near to speak to the King. The cannibals who surrounded the carriage rushed upon him. "Tigers," exclaimed Barnave, "have you ceased to be Frenchmen? Nation of brave men, are you become a set of assassins?" These words alone saved the Curé,

who was already upon the ground, from certain death. Barnave as he spoke to them threw himself almost out of the coach window, and Madame Elizabeth, affected by this noble burst of feeling, held him by the skirt of his coat. The Queen while speaking of this event said that in the most important and momentous events whimsical contrasts always struck her, and that on this occasion the pious Elizabeth holding Barnave by the flap of his coat was a surprising sight. The deputy was astonished in another way. Madame Elizabeth's comments upon the state of France, her mild and persuasive eloquence and the noble simplicity with which she talked to him, at the same time without sacrificing her dignity in the slightest degree; indeed, everything about that divine Princess appeared to him celestial, and his heart, which was doubtless inclined to right principles if he had not followed the wrong path, was overcome by the most affecting admiration. The conduct of the two deputies convinced the Queen of the total separation between the Republican and Constitutional parties. At the inns where she alighted she had some private conversation with Barnave. The latter said a great deal about the errors committed by the Royalists during the Revolution, and declared he had found the interests of the Court so feeble and so badly defended that he had been frequently tempted to go and offer it, in himself, a courageous wrestler who knew the spirit of the age and nation. The Queen asked him what were the weapons he would have recommended her to use. "Popularity, madam." "And how could I use that," replied Her Majesty, "of which I had been

deprived?" "Ah, madam, it was much more easy for you to regain it than for me to acquire it." This assertion would furnish matter for comment; I confine myself to the relation of this curious conversation.

The Queen mainly attributed the arrest at Varennes to M. Goguelat. She said he calculated the time that would be spent in the journey erroneously. He performed that from Montmédy to Paris, before taking the King's last orders, alone in a postchaise, and he founded all his calculations upon the time he spent in making that transit. The trial has been made since, and it was found that a light carriage without any courier was nearly three hours less in running the distance than a heavy carriage preceded by a courier.

The Queen also blamed him for having quitted the high road at Pont-de-Sommevelle, where the carriage was to meet the forty hussars commanded by him. She thought that he ought to have dispersed the very small number of people at Varennes, and not to have asked the hussars whether they were for the King or the nation; that particularly he ought to have avoided taking the King's orders, as he was aware of the reply M. d'Inisdal had received when it was proposed to carry off the King; and that the King having said to Goguelat, "If force should be employed will it be hot work?" he answered, "Very hot, Sire!" which was sufficient to drive the King to give twenty counter orders. Is it possible to conceive how such neglect could occur as that of sending a courier to M. de Bouillé, who would have had time to reach Varennes with an imposing force? or how nobody

even thought of stopping the courier who should follow the King? Their Majesties alighted at the house of a grocer called M. Sauce, the Mayor of Varennes. The King talked to him a long time respecting his reasons for quitting Paris, and wanted to prove to him the expediency of the measure, which, far from being hostile, was suggested by his love for his subjects. This mayor could have saved the King. The Queen sat down in the shop between two piles of candles, and conversed with Madame Sauce, who seemed to be a woman of weight in her own household, and whom M. Sauce eyed, from time to time, as if to consult her; but the only reply the Queen got was, "What would you have, madam? Your situation is very unfortunate; but, you see, that would expose M. Sauce; they would cut his head off. A wife ought to think of her husband." "Well," replied the Queen, 'mine is your King! He has long made you happy, and wishes to do so still.' Madame Sauce went on again about the dangers of her husband: the aides-de-camp came up, and the return to Paris was decided.

The Dauphin's first *femme de chambre*, calculating that delay might give M. de Bouillé time to bring up assistance, threw herself on a bed, and began to cry out that she was dying of a dreadful colic. The Queen came up to her, and the lady squeezed her hand to give her to understand what she was aiming at. Her Majesty said she could not leave a woman who had sacrificed herself to attend her in a dangerous journey in such a condition, and that she owed her every attention; but this innocent stratagem was

probably seen through, and not the slightest delay was granted.¹

After all that the Queen had said to me respecting the mistakes made by M. Goguelat, I thought him of course disgraced. What was my surprise when, having been set at liberty after the amnesty which followed the acceptance of the Constitution, he presented himself to the Queen, and was received with marks of the greatest kindness. She said he had done his best, and that the sincerity of his zeal ought to form an excuse for all the rest.²

1 The Queen informed me, whilst summing up all the events of that ill-omened journey, that at two leagues from Varennes, a stranger passed close to the King's carriage, full gallop, uttering aloud some words which the noise of the wheels upon the pavement prevented their hearing; but that subsequently to their arrest the King and herself, recalling the sound of the stranger's words, were almost certain that he had said to them, "You are known," or "You are discovered!"—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

2 We have seen, at page 21 of this volume, that Madame Campan related the affair of the necklace twice, and that the two narratives, although essentially the same, differed in the nature and interest of the circumstances detailed. There are, in like manner, among her manuscripts, two accounts of the Varennes journey. The narrative, which we place among the *Illustrations* (No. 3), contains particulars relative to the preparation for the departure, the espionage to which the Queen was subjected, the value and richness of her jewels, the noble pride which she displayed at the moment of the arrest upon the journey and during the return, which we ought to preserve for history: they are materials for forming a judgment. We will add that these minute accounts of places, persons and the slightest circumstances form one of the greatest attractions of the *Memoirs*, and that they will be found less correct, perhaps, but in greater abundance, in the second version, which the reader may consult.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VIII

Acceptance of the Constitution—Opinion of Barnave and his friends approved of by the Court of Vienna—Secret policy of the Court—The Legislative Assembly deliberates upon the ceremony to be observed on receiving the King—Offensive motion—Louis XVI. is received by the Assembly with transport—He gives way to profound grief when with his family—Public *fêtes* and rejoicings—M. de Montmorin's conversation with Madame Campan upon the continual indiscretions of the people about the Court—The Royal Family go to the Théâtre Français—Play changed—Personal conflicts in the pit of the Italiens—Double correspondence of the Court with foreign Powers—Maison Civile—Method adopted by the Queen respecting her secret correspondence—Madame Campan's conduct when attacked by both parties—Particulars respecting the conduct of M. Genet, her brother, *chargé d'affaires* from France to Russia—Written testimony of the Queen in favour of Madame Campan's zeal and fidelity—The King comes to see her and confirms these marks of confidence and satisfaction—Projected interview between Louis XVI. and Barnave—Attempts to poison Louis XVI.—Precautions taken—The Queen consults Pitt about the Revolution—His reply—The *émigrés* oppose all alliance with the Constitutionals—Letter from Barnave to the Queen.

ON my arrival at Paris on the 25th of August I found the state of feeling there much more temperate than I had dared to hope; the conversation generally ran upon the acceptance of the Constitution and the *fêtes* which would be given in consequence. The Queen began to hope affairs would take a better turn. The struggle between the Jacobins and the Constitutionals on the 17th of July, 1791, nevertheless had

thrown her into great terror for some moments; and the firing of the cannon from the Champ de Mars, upon a party which called for the trial of the King, and the leaders of which were in the very bosom of the Assembly, left the most gloomy impressions upon the Queen's mind.

The Constitutionals, with whom her connection was not slackened by the intervention of the three members already mentioned, had faithfully served the Royal Family during their detention.

"We hold the wire by which this popular mass is moved," said Barnave to M. de S—— one day, at the same time showing him a large volume in which the names of all those who were made to act at will by the power of gold alone were registered. It was at that time proposed to hire a considerable number of persons in order to secure loud acclamations when the King and his family should make their appearance at the play, upon the acceptance of the Constitution. That day, which afforded a glimmering hope of tranquillity, was the 14th of September. The *fêtes* were brilliant, but already new alarms too imperiously forbade the Royal Family to give way to any consolatory feeling.

The Legislative Assembly which had just succeeded the Constitutional Assembly founded their conduct upon the wildest Republican principles. Created from the midst of popular societies, it was wholly inspired by the spirit which animated them. The Constitution, as I have said, was presented to the King on the 30th of September. I return to this presentation, because it gave rise to a highly-important subject of discussion. All the ministers, with the exception of M. de Mont-

morin, insisted upon the necessity of accepting the Constitutional Act in all its parts. The Prince de Kaunitz was likewise of the same opinion. Malouet wished the King to express himself candidly respecting any errors or dangers that he might observe in the Constitution. But Duport and Barnave, alarmed at the spirit prevailing in the Jacobin Club and even in the Assembly, where Robespierre had already denounced them as traitors to the country, and dreading still greater evils, added their opinions to those of the majority of the ministers and M. de Kaunitz. Those who really desired that the Constitution should be maintained advised that it should not be accepted thus purely and simply; and of this number, as I have already said, were M. Montmorin and M. Malouet. The King seemed inclined to this advice, and this is one of the strongest proofs of the unfortunate monarch's sincerity.¹

¹ In order to confirm the opinion Madame Campan expressed above respecting the intentions of Louis XVI., we think we ought to present the account given by Bertrand de Molleville of his first interview with that Prince.

"As it was the first time I ever had the honour of being so close to him and *tête-à-tête* with him, the most stupid diffidence so completely came over me that, if it had been my duty to speak first, it would have been impossible for me to have framed a single phrase; but I took courage when I saw the King still more embarrassed than myself, and with difficulty stammering out a few unconnected words. He in his turn became composed on seeing me at ease, and our conversation soon became highly interesting.

"After a few general observations upon the perplexities of the existing state of things, the King said to me, 'Well, have you any objection remaining?' 'No, Sire; a desire to obey and gratify Your Majesty is the only feeling I am sensible of; but in order that I may really be able to serve you, it is necessary that Your Majesty should have the goodness to inform me what is your intention with regard to the Constitution, and what is the line of conduct you would wish your Ministers to adopt.' 'That is true,' replied the King; 'this is my opinion. I do not consider the Constitution by any means a masterpiece. I think there are very great errors in it, and if I had been at liberty to comment upon it advantageous alterations would

Alexandre Lameth, Duport and Barnave, still relying on the resources of their party, hoped to have credit for controlling the King through the influence they believed they had acquired over the mind of the Queen. They also consulted people of acknowledged talent, but belonging to no council nor to any assembly. Among these was M. Dubucq, formerly Intendant of the Marine and the Colonies. He answered in one line: "Prevent disorder from organising itself."

Opinions such as those of the sententious and laconic M. Dubucq emanated from the aristocratic party, who preferred anything, even the Jacobins, to the establishment of the Constitutional laws; and who,

have been made in it. But the time is now gone by. Such as it is, I have sworn to maintain it; I ought to be, and I will be, strictly true to my oath, and the rather as I think the utmost exactness in executing the mandates of the Constitution is the most certain way to draw the attention of the nation to the alterations that ought to be made in it. I neither can nor ought to have any other object than this. I certainly will not abandon my intention, and I wish my Ministers to forward it.' 'Your scheme appears infinitely judicious, Sire. I feel myself in a condition to accomplish it, and I engage to do so. I have not sufficiently studied the Constitution as a whole, and in all its parts, to form a decided opinion, and I will refrain from forming one until the operation of the Constitution shall have enabled the nation to estimate it by its effects. But may I venture to ask Your Majesty whether the Queen's opinion upon this point is in accordance with your own?' 'Yes, certainly it is; she will tell you so herself.' I immediately went to the Queen, who, after assuring me, with the greatest kindness, how truly she felt the obligation under which the King lay to me for having accepted the administration in so perplexing a juncture, added, 'The King has informed you of his views with regard to the Constitution: do you not think the only way is to be faithful to the oath?' 'Yes, certainly, madam.' 'Well, then, be assured that we shall not be induced to swerve. Courage, M. Bertrand. I hope that, with patience, firmness and consistency, all is not yet lost.'" ("Private Memoirs of the Latter End of the Reign of Louis XVI.," by M. Bertrand de Molleville, Minister and Secretary of State under that Reign, vol. i., pp. 101-103.)—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

in fact, believed that any acceptance which should have any other appearance than that of compulsion would amount to a real sanction, sufficient to uphold the new Government. The most unbridled disorders seemed preferable, because they buoyed up the hope of a total change; and twenty times over, upon occasions when persons but little acquainted with the secret policy of the Court expressed the apprehensions they entertained of the popular societies, the initiated answered that a sincere Royalist ought to favour the Jacobins. My avowal of the terror with which they inspired me often brought this answer upon me, and must even have often procured me the epithet of "Constitutional"! while all the time, through principle, and from the want of that sort of information which I think ought never to be found among persons of my sex, I was intent only upon diligently serving the unfortunate Princess with whom my destiny was united.

The letter written by the King to the Assembly, claiming to accept the Constitution in the very place where it had been created, and where he announced he would be on the 14th at midday, was received with transport, and the reading of it was repeatedly interrupted by very general plaudits. The sitting was terminated by the highest flight of enthusiasm, and M. de la Fayette obtained the release of all those who were detained on account of the King's departure, the immediate quashing of all proceedings relative to the events of the Revolution, and the discontinuance of the use of passports and of all temporary restraints upon free travelling, as well in the interior as without.

The whole was conceded by acclamation. Sixty members were deputed to go to the King and express to him fully the satisfaction His Majesty's letter had given. The Keeper of the Seals quitted the chamber in the midst of applause to precede the deputation to the King.

The King answered the speech addressed to him, and concluded by saying to the Assembly that a decree of that morning, which had abolished the Order of the Holy Ghost, had left him and his son alone permission to be decorated with it; but as an Order had no value in his eyes save for the power of conferring it, he would not use it.

The Queen, her son and Madame were at the door of the chamber into which the deputation was admitted. The King said to the deputies, "You see there my wife and children, who participate in my sentiments;" and the Queen herself confirmed the King's assurance. These apparent marks of confidence were very inconsistent with the agitated state of her mind. "These people will have no Sovereigns," said she. "We shall fall before their treacherous though well-planned tactics; they are demolishing the monarchy stone by stone."

On the day after that of the deputation the particulars of their reception by the King were reported to the Assembly, and they excited warm approbation. But the President, having put the question, whether the Assembly ought not to remain seated while the King took the oath, "Certainly," was repeated by many voices; "*and the King, standing, uncovered.*" M. Malouet observed that there was no occasion on which

the nation, assembled in the presence of the King, did not acknowledge him as its head; that the omission to treat the head of the State with the respect due to him would be an offence to the nation as well as to the monarch. He moved that the King should take the oath standing, and that the Assembly should be in the same posture while he was doing so. M. Malouet's observations would have carried the decree, but a deputy from Brittany exclaimed with a shrill voice that he "had an amendment to propose, which would render all unanimous. Let us decree," said he, "that M. Malouet, and whoever else shall so please, may have leave to receive the King upon their knees, but let us stick to the decree."

The King repaired to the chamber at midday. His speech was followed by plaudits which lasted several minutes. After the signing of the Constitutional Act all sat down. The President rose to deliver his speech, but after he had begun, perceiving that the King did not rise to hear him, he sat down again. His speech made a powerful impression; the sentence with which it concluded excited fresh acclamations, cries of "Bravo!" and "Vive le Roi!" "Sire," said he, "how important in our eyes, and how dear to our hearts, how sublime a feature in our history, must be the epoch of that regeneration which gives citizens to France and a country to Frenchmen—to you, as a King, a new title of greatness and glory, and, as a man, a fresh source of enjoyment and of new feelings."

At length I hoped to see a return of that tranquillity which had so long been chased from the countenances of my august master and mistress. Their suite left

them in the saloon; the Queen hastily saluted the ladies and returned much affected. The King followed her, and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, put his handkerchief to his eyes. "Ah, madam," cried he, his voice choked by his tears, "why were you present at this sitting? why did you witness it?" I heard these words and no more. Pierced at their affliction, and feeling the propriety of respecting the display of it, I withdrew, struck with the contrast between the shouts of joy without the palace and the profound grief which oppressed the Sovereigns within.¹ Half an hour afterwards the Queen sent for me. She desired to see M. Goguelat to announce to him her departure on that very night for Vienna. The new attacks upon the dignity of the throne which had been exhibited during the sitting, the spirit of an Assembly worse than the former, the monarch put upon the level of a President, without any deference to the throne—all this proclaimed but too loudly

¹ Madame Campan, in one of her manuscripts, relates the preceding anecdote in a still more affecting manner.

"The Queen attended the sitting in a private box. I remarked her total silence, and the deep grief which was depicted in her countenance on her return.

"The King came to her apartment the private way. He was pale and his features were much changed. The Queen uttered an exclamation of surprise at his appearance. I thought he was ill; but what was my affliction when I heard the unfortunate monarch say, as he threw himself into a chair and put his handkerchief to his eyes, 'All is lost! Ah! madam, and you are witness to this humiliation! What! You are come into France to see——.' These words were interrupted by sobs. The Queen threw herself upon her knees before him and pressed him in her arms. I remained with them, not from any blamable curiosity, but from a stupefaction which rendered me incapable of determining what I ought to do. The Queen said to me 'Oh! go, go!' with an accent which expressed, Do not remain to witness the dejection and despair of your Sovereign!"—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

that the sovereignty itself was aimed at. The Queen no longer saw any ground for hope from the interior of the country. The King wrote to the Emperor; she told me she would herself, at midnight, bring the letter which M. Goguelat was to bear to the Emperor to my room. During all the remainder of the day the castle and the Tuileries were prodigiously crowded; the illuminations were magnificent. The King and Queen were requested to take an airing in their carriage in the Champs Elysées, escorted by the aides-de-camp and leaders of the Parisian army, the Constitutional Guard not being at that time organised. Many shouts of "Vive le Roi!" were heard, but as often as they terminated, one of the mob, who never quitted the door of the King's carriage for a single instant, exclaimed with a stentorian voice, "No, don't believe them. Vive la nation!" This ill-omened cry struck terror into the Queen; she thought it not right, however, to make any complaint upon the subject, and pretended not to hear the isolated croak of this fanatic or base hireling, as if it had been drowned in the public acclamations.

A few days afterwards M. de Montmorin sent me a few lines to say he wanted to speak to me; that he would come to me if he were not apprehensive that his doing so would attract observation, and that he thought it would appear less particular if he should see me in the Queen's great closet at a time which he specified, and when nobody would be there. I went. After having made some polite observations upon the services I had already

performed, and those I might yet perform, for my master and mistress under existing circumstances, he spoke to me of the King's imminent danger, of the plots which were hatching, and of the lamentable composition of the Legislative Assembly; but he particularly dwelt upon the necessity of appearing, by prudence and circumspection in conversation, as firmly attached as possible to the act the King had just recognised. I told him that could not be done without committing ourselves in the eyes of the Royalist party, which considered moderation a crime; that it was painful to hear ourselves taxed with being Constitutionals, at the same time that it was our opinion that the only Constitution which was consistent with the King's honour and the happiness and tranquillity of his people, was the entire power of the Sovereign; that this was my creed, and it would hurt me to give any room for suspicion that I was wavering in it. "Could you ever believe," said he, "that I should desire any other order of things? Have you any doubt of my attachment to the King's person and the maintenance of his rights?" "I know it, Count," replied I; "but you are not ignorant that you lie under the imputation of having adopted revolutionary ideas." "Well, madam, have resolution enough to dissemble and to conceal your real sentiments; dissimulation was never more necessary. The most strenuous endeavours are making to paralyse the evil intentions of the factious to the utmost possible extent; but we must not be counteracted here by certain dangerous expressions which are circulated in Paris,

as dropping from the King and Queen." I told him that I had been already struck with an apprehension of the evil which might be done by the intemperate observations of persons who had no power to act, and that having repeatedly enjoined silence to those in the Queen's service in a very decided manner, I had felt ill consequences in so doing. "I know that," said the Count; "the Queen informed me of it, and that it was which determined me to come and request you to cherish, as much as you can, that spirit of discretion which is so necessary."

While the household of the King and Queen was a prey to all these fears, the festivities in celebration of the acceptance of the Constitution proceeded. Their Majesties went to the opera. The audience consisted entirely of persons who sided with the King, and on that day the happiness of seeing him for a short time surrounded by faithful subjects might be enjoyed. The acclamations were then sincere.

La Coquette Corrigée was selected for representation at the Théâtre Français solely because it was the piece in which Mademoiselle Contat shone most. Yet the notions propagated by the Queen's enemies coinciding in my mind with the name of the play, I thought the choice very ill-judged. I was at a loss, however, to tell Her Majesty so. But sincere attachment gives courage; I explained myself. She was obliged to me, and desired that another play might be performed. They accordingly acted *La Gouvernante*.

The Queen, Madame the King's daughter and Madame Elizabeth were all well received on this

occasion. It is true that the opinions and feelings of the whole of the spectators in the boxes could not be otherwise than favourable: great pains had been taken previous to these two performances to fill the pit with proper persons. But on the other hand the Jacobins took the same precautions on their side at the Théâtre Italien, and the tumult was excessive there. The play was Grétry's *Les Evénements Imprévus*. Unfortunately, Madame Dugazon thought proper to bow to the Queen as she sang the words, "Ah! how I love my mistress!" in a duet. Above twenty voices immediately exclaimed from the pit, "No mistress! no master! liberty!" A few replied from the boxes and slips, "Vive le Roi! vive la Reine! long live the King and Queen!" Those in the pit answered, "No master, no Queen!" The quarrel increased; the pit formed into parties; they began fighting, and the Jacobins were beaten—tufts of their black hair flew about the theatre;¹ a strong guard arrived; the Faubourg of St. Antoine, hearing of what was going forward at the Théâtre Italien, flocked together and began to talk of marching towards the scene of action. The Queen preserved the coolest and calmest demeanour; the commandants of the guard surrounded and encouraged her. They conducted themselves promptly and discreetly; no accident happened. The Queen was highly applauded as she quitted the theatre. It was the last time she was ever in a playhouse.

While couriers were bearing confidential letters

¹ At this time none but the Jacobins had discontinued the use of hair powder.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

from the King to the Princes his brothers and to the foreign Sovereigns, the Assembly invited him to write to the Princes in order to induce them to return into France. The King desired the Abbé de Montesquieu to write the letter he was to send. This letter, which was admirably composed in a simple and effective style suited to the character of Louis XVI., and filled with very powerful arguments in favour of the advantages to be derived from rallying round the principles of the Constitution, was confided to me by the King, who desired me to make him a copy of it.

At this period M. Mor——, one of the intendants of Monsieur's household, obtained a passport from the Assembly to join that Prince, on account of some indispensable business relative to his domestic concerns. The Queen selected him to be the bearer of this letter; she determined to give it to him herself, and to inform him of the origin of it. I was astonished at her choice of this courier. The Queen assured me he was exactly the man for her purpose; that she relied even upon his indiscretion, and it was merely necessary that the letter from the King to his brothers should be known to exist. The Princes were, doubtless, pre-informed on the subject by the private correspondence. Monsieur nevertheless manifested some degree of surprise, and the messenger returned more grieved than pleased at this mark of confidence, which had nearly cost him his life during the Reign of Terror.

Among the causes of uneasiness to the Queen there was one which was but too well founded—it was the thoughtlessness of the French whom she sent

to foreign Courts. She used to say that in order to plume themselves upon the confidence with which they were honoured, they had no sooner passed the frontiers than they disclosed the most secret matters relative to the King's private sentiments, and that the leaders of the Revolution were informed of them through their agents, many of whom were Frenchmen who passed themselves off as emigrants in the cause of their King.

After the acceptance of the Constitution the formation of the King's household, military as well as civil, formed a subject of attention. The Duke de Brissac had the command of the Constitutional Guard, which was composed of officers and men selected from the regiments, and of several officers drawn from the National Guard of Paris. The King was satisfied with the feelings and conduct of this band, which, as is well known, existed but a very short time.

The new Constitution abolished what were called honours and the prerogatives belonging to them. The Duchess de Duras resigned her place of lady of the bedchamber, not choosing to lose her right to the *tabouret* at Court. This step hurt the Queen, who saw herself forsaken for obsolete privileges at a time when her rights were so warmly attacked. Many ladies of rank left the Court for the same reason. However, the King and Queen did not dare to form the civil part of their household, lest by the offices of new denominations they should confirm the dissolution of the old ones, and also lest they should admit into the highest offices persons not calculated to fill them.

Some time was spent in discussing the question, *whether the household should be formed without equerrries and without ladies of honour.* The Queen's constitutional advisers were of opinion that the Assembly, having decreed a civil list adequate to uphold the splendour of the throne, would be dissatisfied at seeing the King adopting only a military household, and not forming his civil household upon the new constitutional plan. "How is it, madam," wrote Barnave to the Queen, "that you will persist in giving these people even the smallest doubt as to your sentiments? When they decree you a civil and a military household, you, like young Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes, eagerly seize the sword and scorn the mere ornaments." The Queen persisted in her determination to have no civil household. "If," said she, "this constitutional household be formed not a single person of rank will remain with us, and upon a change of affairs we shall be obliged to discharge the persons received into their place."

"Perhaps," added she, "perhaps I might find one day that I had saved the Nobility if I now had resolution enough to afflict them for a time; I have it not. When any measure which injures them is wrested from us I am mortified; nobody comes to my card-party; the King goes solitarily to bed. No allowance is made for political necessity; we are punished for our very misfortunes."

The Queen wrote almost all day and spent a part of the night in reading; her courage supported her physical strength; her temper was not at all soured by misfortune, and she was never seen in an ill-

humour for a moment. She was, however, the same person who was held up to the people as a woman who was absolutely furious and mad whenever the rights of the Crown were in any way attacked.

I was with her one day at one of her windows. We saw a man plainly dressed, like an ecclesiastic, surrounded by an immense crowd. The Queen imagined it was some Abbé whom they were about to throw into the basin of the Tuileries. She hastily opened her window, and sent a *valet de chambre* to know what was going forward in the garden. It was Abbé Grégoire, whom the men and women of the tribunes were bringing back in triumph, on account of a motion he had just made in the National Assembly against the Royal authority. On the following day the democratic journalists described the Queen as witnessing this triumph, and showing, by expressive gestures at her window, how highly she was exasperated by the honours conferred upon the patriot.

The correspondence between the Queen and the foreign Powers was carried on in cipher. That to which she gave the preference can never be detected, but the greatest patience is requisite for its use. Each correspondent must have a copy of the same edition of some work. She selected "Paul and Virginia." The page and line in which the required letters, and occasionally a monosyllable, are to be found are pointed out in ciphers agreed upon. I assisted her in the operation of finding the letters, and very frequently I made an exact copy for her of all that she had ciphered without knowing a single word of its meaning.

There were always several secret committees in Paris, occupied on the part of the King in collecting information respecting the measures of the factions, and in influencing some of the committees of the Assembly.

M. Bertrand de Molleville was in close correspondence with the Queen.¹ The King employed M. Talon and others. Much money was dissipated through the latter channel on account of the expenses necessary for the secret measures. The Queen had no confidence in them. M. de Laporte, Minister of the Civil List and of the Household, also attempted to give a bias to public opinion by means of hiring publications; but these papers influenced none but the Royalist party, which needed no bias. M. de Laporte had a private police, which gave him some useful information.

I determined to sacrifice myself to my duty, but by no means to any intrigue, and I thought that, circumstanced as I was, I ought to confine myself to obedience to the Queen's orders. I frequently sent off couriers to foreign countries, and they were never discovered, so many precautions did I take. I am indebted for the preservation of my own existence to the care I took never to admit any deputy whatever to my abode, and to refuse all interviews which even people of the highest importance often requested

¹ About the same time Bertrand de Molleville employed himself more successfully respecting the means of counterbalancing the influence of the tribunes by spectators and applauses favourable to the Court. *Vide Historical Illustrations* (J) for the success of this experiment, and the circumstances which compelled him to give it up.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

of me. This line of conduct appeared to me the only one suitable to my sex and my situation at Court; but it left me exposed to every species of ill-will, and on one and the same day I saw myself denounced by Prud'homme, in his *Gazette Révolutionnaire*, as capable of making an aristocrat of the mother of the Gracchi, if a person so dangerous as myself could have got into her household, and by Gauthier's *Gazette Royaliste* as a "Monarchist," a "Constitutional," more dangerous to the Queen's interests than a Jacobin.

At this period an event with which I had nothing to do placed me in a still more critical situation. My brother, M. Genet, began his diplomatic career successfully. At eighteen he was attached to the embassy to Vienna; at twenty he was appointed Chief Secretary of Legation in England, on occasion of the peace of 1783. A memorial which he presented to M. de Vergennes, upon the dangers of the treaty of commerce then entered into with England, gave offence to M. de Calonne, a patron of that treaty, and particularly to M. Gérard de Rayneval, Chief Clerk for Foreign Affairs. So long as M. de Vergennes lived, having upon my father's death declared himself the protector of my brother, he supported him against the enemies his memorial had raised up. But upon his death, M. de Montmorin, being much in need of the long experience in business which he found in M. de Rayneval, guided himself solely by the latter and according to his instigation. The office of which my brother was the head was suppressed and added to the other offices of foreign affairs. My brother went to St. Petersburg, strongly

recommended to the Count de Ségur, Minister from France to that Court, who appointed him Secretary of Legation. Some time afterwards the Count de Ségur left him at St. Petersburg, charged with the affairs of France.¹

My brother quitted Versailles much hurt at being deprived of a considerable income for having penned a memorial which his zeal alone had dictated, and the importance of which was afterwards but too well understood. I had perceived from his correspondence that he inclined to some of the new notions, and had taken the alarm at it, when he wrote me a letter which left me no further room for doubt as to his opinions. He told me it was right he should no longer conceal from me that he sided with the Constitutional party—that the King had, in fact, commanded it, having himself accepted the Constitution; that he would proceed firmly in that course, because in this case disingenuousness would be fatal, and that he took that side of the question because he had had it proved to him that the foreign Powers would not serve the King's cause without advancing pretensions prompted by the most ancient interests, and which

1 After his return from Russia M. Genet was appointed Ambassador to the United States by the party called Girondists, the deputies who headed it being from the department of the Gironde. He was shortly afterwards recalled by the Robespierre party, which overthrew the former faction on the 31st of May, 1793, and condemned to appear at the bar of the Convention—that is to say, to ascend the scaffold. Vice-President Clinton, at that time Governor of New York, offered him an asylum in his house and the hand of Cornelia Clinton, his daughter. M. Genet's crime was the execution of instructions which he had received on setting out from the party then in power. He settled in America, and lives there as a rich planter and the beloved father of a family.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

always would remain in the spirit of their councils; that he saw no salvation for the King and Queen but from France herself, and that only by using every exertion to calm existing apprehensions and to restore harmony to the minds of men; and that he would serve the constitutional King as he served him before the Revolution had created a necessity for settling the destinies of France by a new code. And, lastly, he requested me to impart to the Queen the real sentiments of one of His Majesty's agents at a foreign Court. I immediately went to the Queen and gave her my brother's letter. She read it attentively, and said, "This is the letter of a young man led astray by discontent and ambition. I know you do not think as he does. Do not fear that you will lose the confidence of the King or mine." I offered to discontinue all correspondence with my brother. She opposed that, saying it would be dangerous. I then entreated she would permit me in future to show her my own and my brother's letters, to which she consented. I wrote warmly to my brother against the course he had adopted. I sent my letters by sure channels; he answered me by the post, and no longer touched upon anything but his family affairs. Once only he wrote to me that if I should write to him respecting the affairs of the day he would give me no answer. "Serve your august mistress with the unbounded devotion which is due from you," said he, "and let us each do our duty. I will only observe to you that at Paris the fogs of the Seine prevent people from seeing that immense capital even from the Pavilion of Flora, and I see it more clearly from

St. Petersburg." The Queen said, as she read this letter, "Perhaps he speaks but too truly. Who can decide upon so disastrous a position as ours is become?" The very day on which I gave the Queen my brother's first letter to read she had several audiences to give to ladies and other persons belonging to the Court, who came on purpose to inform her that my brother was an avowed Constitutional and revolutionist. The Queen replied, "I know it; Madame Campan came to tell me so." Persons envious of my situation, and some of ill-regulated minds, having subjected me to mortifications, and these unpleasant circumstances recurring daily, I requested the Queen's permission to withdraw from the Court. She exclaimed against the very idea; represented it to me as extremely dangerous for my own reputation, and had the kindness to add that, for my sake as well as for her own, she never would consent to it. After this conversation, during which I was at Her Majesty's knees, bathing her hands with my tears, I retired to my apartment. A few minutes afterwards a footman brought me a note from her, couched in these terms: "I have never ceased to distinguish you, nor to give you and yours proofs of my attachment. I wish to tell you in writing that I have full faith in your honour and fidelity, as well as in your other good qualities, and that I ever rely on the zeal and address you exert to serve me."¹

¹ I had just received this letter from the Queen when M. de la Chapelle, Commissary-General of the King's Household and head of the offices of M. de Laporte, Minister of the Civil List, came to see me. The palace having been already forced by the brigands on the

At the very moment that I was going to express to the Queen the gratitude with which I was penetrated, I heard a tapping at the door of my room, which opened upon the Queen's inner corridor. I opened it; it was the King. I was confused; he perceived it, and said to me kindly, "I alarm you, Madame Campan; I come, however, to comfort you. The Queen has told me how much she is hurt at the injustice of several persons towards you. But how is it that you complain of injustice and calumny when you see that we also are victims of them? In some of your companions it is jealousy; in the people belonging to the Court it is anxiety. Our situation is so disastrous, and we have met with so much ingratitude and treachery, that the apprehensions of those who love us are excusable. I could quiet them

20th of June, he proposed that I should entrust the paper to him that he might place it in a safer situation than the apartments of the unfortunate Queen would be. When he returned into his offices he placed the letter she had condescended to write to me behind a large picture in his closet; but on the 10th of August M. de la Chapelle was thrown into the prisons of the Abbaye, and the Committee of Public Safety established themselves in his offices, whence they issued all their decrees of death. There it was that a villainous servant belonging to M. de Laporte went to declare that in the minister's apartment, under a board in the floor, a number of papers would be found. They were brought forth, and M. de Laporte was sent the first of all to the scaffold, where he suffered *for having betrayed the State by serving his master and Sovereign.* M. de la Chapelle was saved, as if by a miracle, from the massacres of the 2nd of September. The Committee of Public Safety having abolished his employments, in order to seat itself in the King's apartments at the Tuileries, M. de la Chapelle had permission to return to his closet to take away some property belonging to him. Turning up the picture behind which he had hidden the Queen's letter, he found it in the place into which he had slipped it; and, delighted to see that I was safe from the ill consequences the discovery of this paper might have brought upon me, he burnt it instantly. In troublous times a mere nothing may save life or destroy it.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

by telling them all the secret services you perform for us daily; but I will not do it. Out of goodwill to you they would repeat all I should say, and you would be lost with the Assembly. It is much better both for you and for us that you should be thought a Constitutional. It has been mentioned to me a hundred times already. I have never contradicted it; but I come to give you my word that if we are fortunate enough to see an end of all this, I will, at the Queen's residence, and in the presence of my brothers, relate the important services you have rendered us, and I will recompense you and your son for them." I threw myself at the King's feet and kissed his hand. He raised me up, saying, "Come, come, do not grieve; the Queen, who loves you, confides in your sentiments as I do."

Occasions for mysterious and secret services recurred every moment. Barnave was the only one of the three trustworthy deputies who had not seen the King and Queen since the Varennes journey. The espionage of the Assembly was more apprehended on his account than on that of any other.

Down to the day of the acceptance it was impossible to introduce Barnave into the interior of the palace; but as the Queen was now rid of the inner guard, she said she would see him. The very great precautions which it was necessary for the deputy to take, in order to conceal his connection with the King and Queen, compelled them to spend two hours in waiting for him in one of the corridors of the Tuileries, and all in vain. The first day that he was to be admitted, having met a man whom Barnave knew to be suspicious

in the courtyard of the palace, he determined to cross it without stopping, and walked in the gardens in order to lull suspicion. I was desired to wait for Barnave at a little door belonging to the *entresols* of the palace, with my hand upon the open lock. I had been in that position an hour. The King came to me frequently, and always to speak to me of the uneasiness which a servant belonging to the castle, who was a patriot, gave him. He came again to ask me whether I had heard the door called *de Décret* opened. I assured him nobody had been in the corridor, and he became easy. He was dreadfully apprehensive that his connection with Barnave would be discovered. "It would," said the King, "be a ground for capital accusations, and the unfortunate man would be lost." I then ventured to remind His Majesty that as I was not the only one in the secret of the business which brought Barnave in contact with their Majesties, one of his colleagues might be induced to speak of the communication with which they were honoured, and that, in letting them know by my presence that I also was informed of it, a risk was incurred of removing from those gentlemen part of the responsibility of the secret. Upon this observation the King quitted me hastily and returned a moment afterwards with the Queen. "Give me your place," said she; "I will wait for him in my turn. You have convinced the King. We must not increase in their eyes the number of persons informed of their communications with us."

The police of M. Laporte, Minister of the Civil List, apprised him as early as the latter end of 1791 that a man belonging to the King's offices, who had

set up as a pastrycook at the Palais Royal, was about to re-enter upon the duties of his situation which had devolved upon him again on the death of one who held it for life; that he was so furious a Jacobin that he had dared to say it would be a good thing for France if the King's days were shortened. His duty was confined to the mere laying out of the pastry; he was closely watched by the head officers of the kitchen, who were devoted to His Majesty; but it is so easy to introduce a subtle poison into made dishes that it was determined the King and Queen should eat only plain roasted meat in future; that their bread should be brought to them by M. Thierry de Ville-d'Array, intendant of the smaller apartments, who was likewise to take upon himself to supply the wine. The King was fond of pastry. I was directed to order some, as if for myself—sometimes of one pastrycook and sometimes of another. The pounded sugar, too, was kept in my room. The King, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth ate together, and nobody remained to wait on them. Each had a dumb waiter and a little bell to call the servants when they were wanted. M. Thierry used himself to bring me Their Majesties' bread and wine, and I locked them up in a private cupboard in the King's closet on the ground floor. As soon as the King sat down to table I took in the pastry and bread. All was hidden under the table lest it might be necessary to have the servants in. The King thought it dangerous as well as distressing to show any apprehension of attempts against his person, or any distrust of his officers of the kitchen. As he never drank a whole bottle of wine at his meals (the Princesses drank

nothing but water), he filled up that out of which he had drank about half, from the bottle served up by the officers of his buttery. I took it away after dinner. Although he never ate any other pastry than that which I brought, he took care in the same manner that it should seem that he had eaten of that served at table. The lady who succeeded found this duty all regulated, and she executed it in the same manner; the public never was in possession of these particulars, nor of the apprehensions which gave rise to them. At the end of three or four months the police of M. de Laporte gave notice that nothing more was to be dreaded from that sort of plot against the King's life; that the plan was entirely changed, and that all future attempts would be directed as much against the throne as against the person of the Sovereign.¹

There are others besides myself who know that, about this time, one of the things about which the Queen most desired to be satisfied was the opinion of the famous Pitt. She would sometimes say to me, "I never pronounce the name of Pitt but I feel death at my shoulder." (I repeat here her very expressions.) That man is the mortal enemy of France, and he takes a dreadful revenge for the impolitic support given by the Cabinet of Versailles to the American insurgents. He wishes, by our destruction, to guarantee the maritime power of his country for ever against the efforts made by the King to increase

¹ The details which Madame Campan gives above add weight to the various pieces of information she took pains to collect respecting the administration of the Queen's household, the service and expenses of the table, &c. These accounts will be found among the *Historical Illustrations* (4).—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

his navy and their happy results during the last war. He knows that it is not only the King's policy, but his private inclination, to be solicitous about his fleets, and that the most active step he has taken during his whole reign was to visit the port of Cherbourg. Pitt has served the cause of the French Revolution from the first disturbances; he will perhaps serve it until its annihilation. I will endeavour to learn to what point he intends to lead us, and I am sending M. —¹ to London for that purpose. He has been intimately connected with Pitt, and they have often had political conversations respecting the French Government. I will get him to make Pitt speak out—at least as far as such a man can speak out."

Some time afterwards the Queen told me that her secret envoy had returned from London, and that all he had been able to wring from Pitt, whom he found alarmingly reserved, was that *he would not suffer the French monarchy to fall*; that to suffer the revolutionary spirit to erect an organised Republic in France would be a great error as regarding the tranquillity of all Europe. "Whenever," said she, "Pitt expressed himself upon the necessity of supporting a *monarchy* in France, he maintained the most profound silence upon what concerns the monarch. The result of these conversations is anything but encouraging;

¹ I thought for some time that this secret agent was M. Crawford. His Memoirs, which I read very eagerly, have altered my opinion, because he certainly would have mentioned this mission. I have forgotten the name of the person whom the Queen sent to London, though she condescended to entrust me with it.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

but even as to that monarchy which he wishes to save, will he have means and strength to save it if he suffer us to fall?"

The death of the Emperor Leopold took place on the 1st of March, 1792. When the news of this event reached the Tuileries the Queen had gone out. Upon her return I put the letter containing it into her hands. She exclaimed that the Emperor had been poisoned; that she had marked and preserved a newspaper in which, in an article upon the sitting of the Jacobins, at the time when the Emperor Leopold declared for the coalition, it was said, speaking of him, that a *piecrust* would settle that matter. From this moment the Queen considered the expression as one which had involuntarily escaped the propagandists. She lamented her brother. However, the education of Francis II., which had been superintended by the Emperor Joseph, inspired her with new hopes. She thought he must have inherited the sentiments of the latter for her, and did not doubt that he had, under the care of his uncle, imbibed that valiant spirit so necessary for the support of a crown. At this period Barnave obtained the Queen's consent that he should read all the letters she should write. He was fearful of private correspondence that might hamper the plan marked out for her; he distrusted Her Majesty's sincerity upon this point; and the diversity of counsels and the necessity of yielding on the one hand to some of the views of the Constitutionals, and on the other to those of the French Princes, and even of the foreign Courts, were unfor-

tunately the circumstances which most rapidly impelled the Court towards its ruin.

The Queen wished to have shown Barnave the letter of condolence which she wrote to Francis II. This letter was to be submitted to her "triumvirate" (for thus did she sometimes designate the three deputies whom I have named). She would not hear a single word which, from its interference with their plans, might prevent its going; she was also fearful of introducing into it anything contradictory to her private sentiments, which the Emperor might learn by other means. "Sit down at that table," said she to me, "and sketch me out a letter. Dwell upon the idea that I see in my nephew the pupil of Joseph. If yours is better than mine you shall dictate it to me." I wrote a letter. She read it, and said, "It is the very thing. I was too deeply interested to keep the true line as you have done."

The party of the Princes was much alarmed on being informed of the connection of the wreck of the constitutional party with the Queen; and the Queen on her part always dreaded the party of the Princes and the attempts of the French who composed it. She did justice to the Count d'Artois, and often said that his party would act in contravention of his sentiments towards the King his brother and herself; but that he would be led away by people over whom Calonne had a most lamentable ascendancy. She reproached Count Esterhazy, whom she had loaded with favours, for having sided with Calonne so entirely that she had reason to consider him absolutely as an enemy.

However, the emigrants showed great apprehensions of the consequences which might follow in the interior from a connection with the Constitutionals, whom they described as a party existing no longer but in idea, and totally without means of repairing their errors. The Jacobins were preferred to them because, said they, there would be no treaty to be made with anyone at the moment of extricating the King and his family from the abyss in which they are plunged.

I frequently read to the Queen the letters written to her by Barnave. One among others struck me forcibly, and I think I have retained the substance of it sufficiently well to enable me to give a faithful account of it. He told the Queen she did not rely sufficiently on the strength remaining in the constitutional party; that their flag was indeed torn, but the word "Constitution" was still legible upon it; that this word would recover its virtue if the King and his friends would rally round it sincerely; that the authors of the Constitution, enlightened with respect to their own errors, might yet amend it and restore to the throne all its splendour; that the Queen must not believe that the public mind was favourably disposed towards the Jacobins; that the weak joined them because there was no strength elsewhere, but the general opinion was for the Constitution; that the party of the French Princes, unfortunately shackled by the policy of foreign Courts, ought not to be depended on; that the majority of emigrants had already destroyed by misconduct much of the interest excited by their misfortunes; that

entire confidence ought not to be reposed in the foreign Powers, guided as they were by the policy of their Cabinets and not by the ties of blood; and that the interior alone was capable of supporting the integrity of the kingdom. He concluded the letter by saying that he laid at Her Majesty's feet the only national party still in existence; that he feared to name it; but that she ought not to forget that Henry IV. was not assisted by foreign Princes in regaining his dominions, and that he ascended a Catholic throne after having fought at the head of a Protestant party.

Barnave and his friends presumed too far upon their strength; it was exhausted in the contest with the Court. The Queen was aware of this, and if she did not seem to have any confidence in them, it is probable that she was actuated by a policy which, it must be confessed, could only prove injurious to her.

CHAPTER IX

Fresh libel by Madame de Lamotte—The Queen refuses to purchase the manuscript—The King buys it—The Queen performs her Easter devotions secretly in 1792—She dares not confide in General Dumouriez—Barnave's last advice—Gross insult offered to the Queen by one of the mob—The King's dejection—The 20th of June—The King's kindness to Madame Campan—Iron closet—Louis XVI. entrusts a portfolio to Madame Campan—Importance of the documents it contained—Procedure of M. de la Fayette; why it is unsuccessful—An assassin conceals himself in the Queen's apartments.

IN the beginning of the year 1792 a worthy priest requested a private interview with me. He had heard of the existence of a new libel by Madame de Lamotte. He told me he had observed in the people who came from London to get it printed in Paris nothing more than a desire of gain, and that they were ready to deliver him the manuscript for 1,000 louis if he could find any friend of the Queen disposed to make that sacrifice for her peace; that he had thought of me, and that if Her Majesty would give him the 24,000 francs he would deliver me the manuscript upon receiving them.

I communicated this proposal to the Queen, who rejected it, and desired me to answer that at the time when she had power to punish the hawkers of these libels she deemed them so atrocious and improbable that she despised the means of arresting their pro-

gress, that if she were to be imprudent and weak enough to buy a single one of them the Jacobins might possibly discover the circumstance through their espionage; that were this libel bought up it would be printed nevertheless, and would be much more dangerous when they apprised the public of the means she had used to suppress it.

The Baron d'Aubier, gentleman in ordinary to the King and my particular friend, had a strong memory and a plain and easy way of communicating the substance of the discussions, debates and decrees of the National Assembly. I went daily to the Queen's apartments to repeat all this to the King, who used to say, on seeing me, "Ah! here's the *Postillon par Calais*."¹

M. d'Aubier came one day and said to me: "The Assembly has been much occupied with an information laid by the workmen of the Sèvres manufactory. They brought to the President's office a bundle of pamphlets, which they said were the Life of Marie Antoinette. The director of the manufactory was ordered up to the bar, and declared he had received orders to burn the printed sheets in question in the furnaces used for baking his china."

While I was relating this business to the Queen, the King coloured, and held his head down over his plate. The Queen said to him: "Do you know anything about this, Sire?" The King made no answer. Madame Elizabeth requested him to explain what all this meant—still silent. I withdrew hastily. A few minutes afterwards the Queen came to my room and informed me that the King, out of regard for her, had

¹ The name of a newspaper of the time.

purchased the whole edition struck off from the manuscript which I had proposed to her, and that M. de Laporte had not been able to devise any more secret way of destroying the whole of the work than that of having it burnt at Sèvres among two hundred workmen, one hundred and eighty of whom must, in all probability, be Jacobins. She told me she had concealed her vexation from the King; that he was in consternation, and that she should say nothing, since his affection and his good intentions towards her had been the cause of the accident.¹

¹ Bertrand de Molleville gives the following account of this circumstance in his private Memoirs:

"M. de Laporte had, by order of the King, bought up the whole edition of the Memoirs of the notorious Madame de Lamotte against the Queen. Instead of burning them or having them pounded to atoms immediately, he shut them up in one of the closets in his house. The alarming and rapid growth of the spirit of rebellion, the arrogance of the crowd of brigands who directed and in a great measure composed the populace of Paris, and the fresh excesses daily resulting from it, rendered the Minister of the Civil List apprehensive that some mob might break into his house at a time when he should least expect it, carry off these Memoirs, and spread them among the public. In order to prevent this mischance, he gave orders for having the Memoirs burnt with every necessary precaution and secrecy; and the clerk who received the order entrusted the execution of it to a man named Riston, a dangerous intriguer and a detestable fellow, formerly an advocate of Nancy, who had a twelvemonth before escaped the gallows by favour of the new principles and the patriotism of the new tribunals, although convicted of forging the Great Seal and fabricating decrees of the Council in a proceeding instituted at the instance of the tribunal of the King's palace, in which I examined and confronted the parties at the risk of attempts at assassination, not only by the accused, who, during one of the sittings, was so enraged that he rushed at me with a knife in his hand, but also by the brigands in his pay, who filled the court and were furious at seeing that their menacing howlings did not prevent my repressing the insults incessantly offered by the accused to the witnesses who deposed against him.

"This very Riston, who a year before was labouring under a capital accusation preferred against him in the name and by the direction of the King, finding himself entrusted with a commission

Some time afterwards the Assembly received a denunciation against M. de Montmorin. The ex-minister was accused of having neglected forty despatches from M. Genet, the *chargé d'affaires* from France in Russia, without having even unsealed them, because M. Genet acted on constitutional principles. M. de Montmorin appeared at the bar to answer this accusation. Whatever distress I might feel at the moment in obeying the order I had received from the King to go and give him an account of the sitting, I thought I ought not to fail in doing so. But instead of giving my brother his family name, I merely said, "Your Majesty's *chargé d'affaires* at St. Petersburg."

The King did me the favour to say that he observed a reserve in my account, of which he approved. The Queen condescended to add a few obliging remarks to those of the King, by which I was already so much affected that I withdrew in great emotion. However, my office of journalist

which concerned Her Majesty, and the mystery attending which bespoke something of importance, was far less anxious to execute it faithfully than to make a parade of this mark of confidence. On the 30th of May, at ten in the morning, he had the sheets carried to the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres in a cart which he himself accompanied, and made a large fire of them before all the workmen, who were expressly forbidden to approach it. All these precautions, and the suspicions to which they naturally gave rise under such critical circumstances, gave so much publicity to this mysterious affair that it was denounced to the Assembly that very night. Brissot and the whole Jacobin party, with equal effrontery and vehemence, insisted that the papers thus secretly burnt were not, and could not be, any other than the registers and documents of the correspondence of the Austrian Committee. M. de Laporte was ordered to the bar, and there gave the most exact account of the circumstances. Riston was also called up, and confirmed M. de Laporte's deposition. But these explanations, however satisfactory, did not calm the violent ferment raised in the Assembly by this affair."—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

gave me, in this instance, so much pain that I took an opportunity, when the King was expressing his satisfaction to me at the manner in which I gave him this daily account, to tell him that its merits belonged wholly to M. d'Aubier, who attended all the sittings to give me a summary of them; and I then ventured to request the King to suffer that excellent man to come and give him an account of the sittings himself. I went so far as to add that, at a time when the King's feelings were wounded by the conduct of so many faithless subjects, it appeared to me that men warmly devoted to him as M. d'Aubier was, deserved the honour of being about His Majesty. I assured the King that, if he would permit it, that gentleman might proceed to the Queen's apartments through mine unseen. The King consented to the arrangement. Thenceforward M. d'Aubier was admitted into the interior, and gave the King repeated proofs of zeal and attachment with much intelligence.

The Curé of Saint-Eustache ceased to be the Queen's confessor when he took the Constitutional oath. I do not remember the name of the ecclesiastic who succeeded him in that office; I only know that he was conducted into her apartments with the greatest mystery. Their Majesties did not perform their Easter devotions in public, because they could neither declare for the Constitutional clergy nor act so as to show that they were against them.

The Queen did perform her Easter devotions in 1792, but she went to the chapel attended only by myself. She desired me beforehand to request one

of my relations, who was her chaplain, to perform Mass for her at five o'clock in the morning. It was still dark; she gave me her arm, and I carried a taper. I left her entirely alone at the chapel door, and she did not return to her room until the dawn of day. This piece of duty, performed with so much mystery, could not tend to edify the public, but demonstrates the Queen's religious principles.

Dangers increased daily. The Assembly was strengthened in the eyes of the people by the hostilities of the foreign armies and the army of the Princes. The communication with the latter party became more active; the Queen wrote almost every day. M. de Goguelat possessed her confidence for all correspondence with the foreign parties, and I was obliged to have him in my apartments; the Queen asked for him very frequently, and at times which she could not previously appoint.

All parties were exerting themselves either to ruin or to save the King. One day I found the Queen extremely agitated, she told me she no longer knew where she was; that the leaders of the Jacobins offered themselves to her through the medium of Dumouriez; and that Dumouriez, abandoning the Jacobins, had come and offered himself to her; that she had granted him an audience; that when alone with her he had thrown himself at her feet and told her that he had drawn the *bonnet rouge* over his head to the very ears, but that he neither was nor could be a Jacobin; that the Revolution had been suffered to extend even to that rabble of destroyers who, thinking of nothing but pillage, were ripe for anything, and

might furnish the Assembly with a formidable army ready to undermine the remains of a throne already too much shaken. Whilst speaking, with the utmost ardour he seized the Queen's hand and kissed it with transport, exclaiming, "Suffer yourself to be saved." The Queen told me that the protestations of a traitor were not to be relied on; that the whole of his conduct was so well known that, undoubtedly, the wisest course was not to trust to it;¹ that, moreover, the Princes particularly recommended that no confidence should be placed in any proposition emanating from within the kingdom; that the force without became imposing, and that it was better to rely upon their success and upon the protection due from Heaven to a Sovereign so virtuous as Louis XVI. and to so just a cause.

The Constitutionals, on their part, saw that there had been nothing more than a mere pretence of listening to them. Barnave's last advice was as to the means of continuing a few weeks longer the Constitutional Guard, which had been denounced to the Assembly and was to be disbanded. The denunciation against the Constitutional Guard affected only *its staff and the Duke de Brissac*. Barnave wrote to the Queen that the staff of the guard was already attacked; that the Assembly was about to pass a decree to reduce

¹ The sincerity of General Dumouriez cannot be the object of a single doubt in this instance. The second volume of his Memoirs shows how unjust the distrust and reproaches of the Queen were. By rejecting his offers and refusing his services Marie Antoinette deprived herself of her only remaining support. He who saved France in the defiles of Argonne would, perhaps, have saved France before the 20th of June had he obtained the full confidence of Louis XVI. and the Queen.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

it, and he entreated her to prevail on the King, the very instant the decree should appear, to form the staff afresh, and to make it up of persons whose names he sent her. I did not see the list, but Barnave said that all who were set down in it passed for decided Jacobins, but were not so in fact; that they, as well as himself, were in despair at seeing the monarchical government attacked; that they had learned to dissemble their sentiments, and that it would be at least a fortnight before the Assembly could know them well, and certainly before it could succeed in make them unpopular; that it would be necessary to take advantage of that short space of time to get away from Paris, and to do so immediately after the nomination of those whom he pointed out. The Queen was of opinion that she ought not to yield to this advice. The Duke de Brissac was sent to Orleans, and the guard was reduced.

Barnave, seeing that the Queen did not follow his counsel in anything, and convinced that she placed all her reliance on assistance from abroad, determined to quit Paris. He obtained a last audience. "Your misfortunes, madam," said he, "and those which I anticipate for France, determined me to sacrifice myself to serve you. I see that my advice does not agree with the views of Your Majesties. I augur but little advantage from the plan you are induced to pursue; you are too remote from your supports; you will be lost before they reach you. Most ardently do I wish I may be mistaken in so lamentable a prediction; but I am sure to lose my head for interesting myself in your misfortunes and

for the services I have sought to render you. I request, for my sole reward, the honour of kissing your hand." The Queen, her eyes suffused with tears, granted him that favour, and remained impressed with the most favourable idea of this deputy's elevated sentiments. Madame Elizabeth participated in this opinion, and the two Princesses frequently spoke of Barnave. She also received M. Duport several times, but with less mystery. Her connection with the Constitutional deputies transpired. Alexandre de Lameth was the only one of the three who survived the vengeance of the Jacobins.¹

1 After what we have just read respecting Barnave, after his well-known labours in the cause of liberty, his efforts to support the throne, his talents and his eloquence, the latter circumstances of his life possess a high degree of interest. The "Biographie de Bruxelles" relates them in these words:

"When, after the Revolution of the 10th of August, 1792, the iron closet of the castle of the Tuileries had been discovered and forced, a considerable number of documents, which had been imprudently preserved in it, and which were communicated to the Convention by Gohier, who had just succeeded Danton in the administration of justice, proved that the Court had established and maintained, during the latter months of the session of the Constituent Assembly, and from the time of the meeting of the Legislative Assembly, constant communication with the most powerful members of those Assemblies. Barnave being accused, on the 15th of August, 1792, with Alexandre de Lameth, ex-member of the Constituent Assembly, Bertrand de Molleville, Duport de Tertre, Duportail, Montmorin, and Tarbé, ex-ministers of the Marine, of Justice, of War, of Foreign Affairs, and of Public Contributions, was arrested at Grenoble, and shut up in the prison of that town. He remained there fifteen months, and his friends began to indulge the hope that he would be forgotten, when an order arrived that he should be removed to Paris. At first he was imprisoned in the Abbaye, but transferred a few days afterwards to the Conciergerie, and almost immediately taken before the revolutionary tribunal. He appeared there with wonderful firmness, summed up the services he had rendered to the cause of liberty with his usual eloquence and without losing anything of the dignity of misfortune, and made such an impression upon the numerous auditory present at the debates that, although accustomed to behold only conspirators worthy of death in all those who appeared before the tribunal, they

The National Guard, which succeeded the King's Guard, having occupied the gates of the Tuileries, all who came to see the Queen were incessantly insulted with impunity.

The most menacing cries were uttered aloud even in the Tuileries; they called for the destruction of the throne and the murder of the Sovereign. These insults assumed the character of the very lowest of the mob. The Queen one day, hearing roars of laughter under her windows, desired me to see what it was about. I saw a man almost undressed turning his back towards her apartments. My astonishment and indignation were apparent. The Queen rose to come forward; I held her back, telling her that it was a very gross insult offered by one of the rabble.

About this time the King fell into a state of despondence which amounted almost to physical helplessness. He passed ten successive days without uttering a single word, even in the bosom of his family; except, indeed, in playing at backgammon with Madame Elizabeth, when he was obliged to pronounce the words belonging to that game. The Queen roused him from this state, so fatal at a critical period, when every minute increased the necessity for action,

themselves considered his acquittal certain. The decree of death was read amidst the deepest silence; but Barnave's firmness was immovable. When he left the court he cast upon the judges, the jurors and the public looks expressive of contempt and indignation. He was led to his fate with the respected Duport de Tertre, one of the last ministers of Louis XVI. When he had ascended the scaffold, Barnave stamped, raised his eyes to heaven, and said, "This, then, is the reward of all that I have done for liberty!" He fell on the 29th of October, 1793, in the thirty-second year of his age; his bust is now in the Grenoble Museum. The Consular Government placed his statue next to that of Vergniaud, on the great staircase of the senatorial palace.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

by throwing herself at his feet, urging every idea calculated to excite alarm, and employing every affectionate expression. She represented also what he owed to his family, and went so far as to tell him that, if they were doomed to fall, they ought to fall honourably, and not wait to be both smothered upon the floor of their apartment.

About the 15th of June the King refused his sanction to the two decrees ordaining the deportation of priests and the formation of a camp of twenty thousand men under the walls of Paris. He wished himself to sanction them, and said that the general insurrection only waited for a pretence to burst forth.¹ The Queen insisted upon the *veto*, and

¹ This assertion contradicts the almost unanimous testimony of historians. When we reflect on the piety of Louis XVI., his respect for religion, and the deference he always manifested towards its ministers, we must hesitate to believe that Madame Campan could be well informed as to this fact. To say nothing of Dumouriez, who tells us precisely the contrary, Bertrand de Molleville enters into some particulars upon the subject which leave no room for doubt.

"The Assembly," says he, "which kept up its credit by acts of violence, passed a decree against non-Constitutional priests to oblige them to take a fresh oath or quit the kingdom. The bishops then at Paris met to draw up a petition against this decree, under a conviction that the King, who had already shown the deepest regret at having sanctioned the decrees relating to the clergy, would rejoice at having grounds pointed out to him for refusing his sanction to this. When the petition was drawn up, they applied to put it into His Majesty's hands; and the Bishop of Uzès had a private correspondence with me on this occasion; for at this period no minister could have received a bishop publicly without becoming an object of suspicion to the nation.

"The King appeared much moved upon reading the petition, and said to me, with all that energy which always warmed him when religion was under discussion: 'They may be very sure I will never sanction it. But the question is, whether I ought to assign a reason for my refusal, or give it plainly and simply, according to the usual formula, or whether, under all circumstances, it is not more prudent to temporise. Try

reproached herself bitterly when this last act of the Constitutional authority had occasioned the scenes of the 20th of June.

A few days previously above twenty thousand men had gone to the Commune to announce that on the 20th they would plant the tree of liberty at the door of the National Assembly, and present a petition to the King respecting the *veto* which he had placed upon the decree for the deportation of the priests. This dreadful army crossed the gardens of the Tuileries and marched under the Queen's windows. It consisted of

to find out what your colleagues think about it before it is discussed in council,' I observed to the King that the Constitution dispensed with any reason for his refusal to sanction, and that, although the Assembly ought to be pleased at seeing His Majesty waive so important a prerogative, they were so ill-disposed that they were capable of carrying their insolence so far as to refuse to hear the King's reasons, and would even reproach him for this departure from the Constitution as a manifest violation of his oath; that as to temporising, it would be showing weakness, and inviting the Assembly, already very enterprising, to become still more so; and therefore that a plain unexplained refusal of the sanction was the safest and most expedient course.

"This matter was discussed the next day at the council of the ministers. They all saw the unavoidable necessity for refusing the sanction, and at the following council they unanimously recommended that course to the King, who determined upon it with the greatest satisfaction. But this gleam of happiness was clouded by a proposal made to him by the Minister of the Interior immediately to form his chapel and that of the Queen of Constitutional priests, as the most certain way to shut the mouth of malevolence and completely convince the people of his sincere attachment to the Constitution. 'No, sir, no,' replied the King, in the firmest tone, 'Do not speak of that to me. Let me be left at rest upon that point. When the liberty of worship was established, it was established generally; I ought therefore to enjoy it.' The warmth with which the King spoke surprised us all, and silenced M. Cahier de Gerville."

Consult the interesting particulars contained in the latter part of these Memoirs upon the subject, and generally upon the religious sentiments of Louis XVI.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

*GENERAL DUMOURIEZ BIDDEN OBEY THE
ORDERS OF THE CONVENTION*

After the painting by Émile-Pierre Betsellère





people who called themselves the citizens of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau. Covered as they were with filthy clothes, they all bore the most terrifying appearance, and the steam from them infected the air. People asked each other whence such an army could come—nothing so disgusting had ever before appeared in Paris.

On the 20th of June this mob thronged about the Tuileries in still greater numbers, armed with pikes, hatchets and murderous instruments of all kinds, decorated with ribbons of the national colours, shouting, "The nation for ever! Down with the veto!" The King was without guards. Some of these demoniacs rushed up to his apartment. The door was about to be forced in when the King commanded that it should be opened. MM. de Bougainville, d'Hervilly, de Parois, d'Aubier, Acloque,¹ Gentil, and other courageous men who were in the apartment of M. de Septenil, the King's first *valet de chambre*, instantly ran to His Majesty's apartment. M. de Bougainville, seeing the torrent furiously advancing, cried out, "Put the King in the recess of the window, and place benches before him." Six Royalist grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles Saint Thomas made their way by an inner staircase and ranged themselves before the benches. The order given by M. de Bougainville saved the King from the blades of the assassins, among whom was a

¹ A citizen of Paris, commandant of battalion, who, during the whole of the Revolution was, both in virtue and conduct, in direct opposition to the regicide Santerre.*—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

* His son is now a major of the National Guard of Paris.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Pole named Lazousky, who was to strike the first blow. The King's brave defenders said, "Sire, fear nothing." The King's reply is well known: "Put your hand upon my heart, and you will perceive whether I am afraid or not." M. Vanot, commandant of battalion, warded off a blow aimed by a wretch against the King's person; a grenadier of the Filles Saint Thomas parried a sword thrust made in the same direction. Madame Elizabeth ran to her brother's apartments. When she reached the door of his room she heard loud threats of death against the Queen—they called for the head of the Austrian. "Ah! let them think I am the Queen," said she to those around her, "that she may have time to escape."

The Queen could not join the King. She was in the council chamber, where the idea had also been suggested of placing her behind the great table to protect her as much as possible against the approach of the barbarians. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanour in this dreadful situation, she held the Dauphin before her seated upon the table. Madame was at her side; the Princess de Lamballe, the Princess de Tarente, Madame de la Roche-Aymon, Madame de Tourzel, and Madame de Mackau surrounded her. She had fixed a tricoloured cockade, which one of the National Guard had given her, upon her head. The poor little Dauphin was, as well as the King, shrouded in an enormous red cap.¹ The

¹ "One of the circumstances of the day of the 20th of June which most vexed the King's friends," says Bertrand de Molleville, "being that of the *bonnet rouge* having remained upon his head nearly three hours, I ventured to ask him for some explanation

horde passed in files before the table; the standards they carried were symbols of the most atrocious barbarity. There was one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended; the words "Marie Antoinette à la lanterne" were written beneath it. Another was a board to which a bullock's heart was fastened, with an inscription round it, "Heart of Louis XVI."; and then a third showed the horns of an ox, with an obscene legend.

One of the most furious Jacobin women who marched with these wretches stopped to give vent to a thousand imprecations against the Queen. Her Majesty asked her whether she had ever seen her. She replied that she had not. Whether she had done her any personal wrong. Her answer was the same; but she added, "It is you who have caused the misery of the nation." "You have been told so," answered the Queen; "you are deceived. As the

upon the fact, which was so strikingly in contrast with the extraordinary intrepidity and courage shown by His Majesty during that horrible day. This was his answer: 'The cries of "The nation for ever!" violently increasing around me, and seeming to be addressed to me, I replied that the nation had not a warmer friend than myself. Upon this an ill-looking man, making his way through the crowd, came up to me and said rather roughly, "Well, if you speak the truth, prove it by putting on this red cap." "I consent," replied I. One or two of them immediately came forward and placed the cap upon my hair, for it was too small for my head. I was convinced, I knew not why, that his intention was merely to place the cap upon my head for a moment, and then to take it off again; and I was so completely taken up with what was passing before me that I did not feel whether the cap did or did not remain upon my hair. I was so little aware of it that when I returned to my room I knew only from being told so that it was still there. I was very much surprised to find it upon my head; and was the more vexed at it, because I might have taken it off immediately without the smallest difficulty. But I am satisfied that if I had hesitated to consent to its being placed upon my head the drunken fellow who offered it to me would have thrust his pike into my stomach.'"—

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

wife of the King of France, and mother of the Dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman. I shall never see my own country again. I can be happy or unhappy only in France. I was happy when you loved me." The fury began to weep, asked her pardon, and said, "It was because I did not know you; I see that you are good."

Santerre, the monarch of the faubourgs, made his subjects file off as quickly as he could; and it was thought at the time that he was ignorant of the object of this insurrection, which was the murder of the Royal Family.¹ However, it was eight o'clock in the evening before the palace was completely cleared. Twelve deputies, impelled by their attachment to the King's person, came and ranged themselves near him at the very commencement of the insurrection; but the deputation from the Assembly did not reach the Tuileries until six in the evening. All the doors of the apartments were broken. The Queen pointed out to the deputies the state of the King's palace, and the disgraceful manner in which his asylum had been violated under the very eyes

1 Montjoie, one of the most decided Royalist writers, thus expresses himself respecting Santerre in the "History of Marie Antoinette" (pp. 295 and 296); and this testimony of his appears the more remarkable as it was the less to be expected:

"The muscular expansion of his tall person, the sonorous hoarseness of his voice, his rough manners, and his easy and vulgar eloquence, of course made him a hero among the lower rabble. And in truth he had gained a despotic empire over the dregs of the faubourgs. He moved them at will, but that was all he knew how to do, or could do; for, as to the rest, he was neither wicked nor cruel. He engaged blindly in all conspiracies, but he was never guilty of the execution of them, either by himself or by those who obeyed him. He was always concerned for an unfortunate person, of whatever party he might be. Affliction and tears disarmed his hands."

- NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

of the Assembly. She saw that Merlin de Thionville was so much affected as to shed tears while she spoke. "You weep, M. Merlin," she said to him, "at seeing the King and his family so cruelly treated by a people whom he always wished to make happy."

"True, madam," replied Merlin; "I weep for the misfortunes of a beautiful and feeling woman, the mother of a family; but do not mistake—not one of my tears falls for either King or Queen. I hate kings and queens; it is the only feeling they inspire me with: it is my religion." The Queen could not understand this madness, and saw all that was to be apprehended from persons who were seized with it.

All hope was gone, and nothing was thought of but succour from abroad. The Queen entreated her family and the King's brothers; her letters probably became more pressing, and expressed her apprehensions upon the tardiness of relief. Her Majesty read me one to herself from the Archduchess Christina, Gouvernante of the Low Countries. She reproached her for some of her expressions, and told her that those out of France were at least as much alarmed as herself at the King's situation and her own; but that the manner of attempting to assist her might either save her or endanger her safety; and that the members of the Coalition were bound to act prudently, entrusted as they were with interests so dear to them.

The 14th of July, fixed by the Constitution as the anniversary of the independence of the nation, drew near. The King and Queen were compelled to make their appearance on the occasion. Aware that the plot of the 20th of June had for its object their

assassination, they had no doubt but that their death was determined on for the day of this national festival. The Queen was recommended, in order to give the King's friends time to defend him if the attack should be made, to guard him against the first stroke of a dagger by making him wear a breastplate. I was directed to get one made in my apartments: it was composed of fifteen folds of Italian taffety, formed into an under-waistcoat and a wide belt. This breastplate was tried; it resisted all thrusts of the dagger, and several balls fired for the purpose were turned aside by it. When it was completed, the difficulty was to let the King try it on without running the risk of being surprised. I wore the immense heavy waistcoat as an under-petticoat for three days without being able to find the favourable moment. At length the King found an opportunity one morning to pull off his coat in the Queen's chamber and try on the breastplate.¹

The Queen was in bed. The King pulled me gently by the gown and drew me as far as he could from the Queen's bed, and said to me in a very low tone of voice, "It is to satisfy her that I submit to this inconvenience; they will not assassinate me; their scheme is changed; they will put me to death another way." The Queen heard the King whispering to me, and when he was gone out she asked me what he had said. I hesitated to answer; she insisted that I should, saying that nothing must be concealed

¹ M. Gentil, the first valet of the wardrobe, assisted me to try on this under-waistcoat which the King wore on the 14th of July, 1792, but M. de Paris had a second made a few days before the 10th of August.—NOTE BY MADAME CAMPAN.

from her, and that she was resigned upon every point. When she was informed of the King's remark she told me she had guessed it; that he had long since observed to her that all which was going forward in France was an imitation of the revolution in England in the time of Charles I.; and that he was incessantly reading the history of that unfortunate monarch, in order that he might act better than Charles had done at a similar crisis.¹ "I begin to be fearful of the King being brought to trial," continued the Queen; "as to me, I am a foreigner; they will assassinate me. What will become of my poor children?" These

¹ A passage in Bertrand de Molleville shows by what gloomy presentiments the unfortunate Prince was overwhelmed, and proves with what courageous resignation he foresaw his fate and prepared to undergo it. His family were his only care. He had no apprehension but for them. The feelings of the friend, the husband and the father constantly weakened or usurped the resolutions of the King.

"His usual book was the 'History of Charles I.,' and his principal attention was directed to avoiding in all his actions everything that it appeared to him would serve as a pretence for a judicial accusation. He would readily have sacrificed his life, but not the glory of France, which an assassination, that would have been only the crime of a few individuals, would not have tarnished.

"It was not until the private conversation which I had with the King, at nine o'clock on the evening of the 21st of June, that I was able to judge how far he was governed by these dismal anticipations. To all my congratulations upon his good fortune in escaping the dangers of the preceding day, His Majesty answered with the utmost indifference: 'All my uneasiness was about the Queen and my sister; for as to myself,—' 'But it appears to me,' said I, 'this insurrection was directed chiefly against Your Majesty.' 'I know it well; I saw that they wished to assassinate me, and I cannot tell how it was that they did not do so. But I shall not escape them another time, so that I am no better off; there is but little difference in being assassinated two months earlier or later.' 'Good heavens, Sir!' exclaimed I, 'can Your Majesty, then, so steadfastly believe that you will be assassinated?' 'Yes, I am certain of it. I have long expected it, and have made up my mind. Do you think I fear death?' 'No, surely; but I should be glad to see Your Majesty less determined to expect that event, and more disposed to adopt vigorous measures, which are now become the only means by

sad ejaculations were followed by a torrent of tears.¹ I wished to give her an antispasmodic; she refused it, saying that it was only for women who were happy to feel nervous, and that the cruel situation to which she was reduced rendered these remedies useless. In fact the Queen, who during her happier days was frequently attacked by hysterical disorders, enjoyed a more uniform state of health when all the faculties of her soul were called forth to support her physical strength.

which Your Majesty can look to be rescued.' 'I believe that; but still there would be many chances against me, and I am not fortunate. I should be at no loss if I had not my family with me. It would soon be seen that I am not so weak as they think me; but what will become of my wife and children if I do not succeed?' 'But does Your Majesty think that if you were assassinated your family would be more secure?' 'Yes, I do think so; at least I hope so. And if it happened otherwise I should not have to reproach myself with being the cause of their misfortunes. Besides, what could I do?' 'I think Your Majesty might at this moment leave Paris with greater ease than ever; because the events of yesterday but too clearly prove that your life is not safe in the capital.' 'Oh! I will not fly a second time; I suffered too much before.' 'I am of opinion, too, that Your Majesty should not think of it, at least at this moment; but it seems to me that existing circumstances, and the general indignation which the affair of yesterday appears to have excited, present the King with the most favourable opportunity that can possibly offer for leaving Paris publicly, and without any opposition, not only with the consent of the great majority of the citizens, but with their approbation. I ask Your Majesty's permission to reflect upon this step, and to give you my ideas upon the mode and means of executing it.' 'Do so; but it is a more difficult matter than you imagine.'—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

¹ These distressing scenes were often renewed. There is nothing in history to which the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette can be compared, but those of Henrietta of France, the daughter of Henry IV., wife of Charles I., and mother of Charles II. Like Henrietta, she was accused of having exercised too much control over the King's mind. Like her she was haunted by continual fears for the lives of her husband and her children. They were both most deeply afflicted; but she had not, like Henrietta, the consolation, after protracted misfortunes, of seeing her family reascend the throne. The tragic and deplorable end of Mary Stuart awaited her who had experienced all the griefs of Henrietta of France.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

I had prepared a corset for her, for the same purpose as the King's under-waistcoat, without her knowledge, but she would not make use of it ; all my entreaties, all my tears, were in vain. "If the rebels assassinate me," she replied, "it will be a fortunate event for me ; they will deliver me from a most painful existence." A few days after the King had tried on his breastplate I met him upon a back staircase, and drew back to let him pass. He stopped and took my hand. I wished to kiss his ; he would not suffer it, but drew me towards him by the hand and kissed both my cheeks without saying a single word. This silent mark of his approbation so confused me that I should afterwards have confounded the remembrance of it with the dreams which frequently brought my unhappy Sovereigns again before me, if my sisters had not reminded me that I had communicated this proof of the King's goodness to them shortly after he had given it.

The fear of another attack upon the Tuileries occasioned the most scrupulous searches among the King's papers. I burnt almost all those belonging to the Queen. She put her family letters, a great deal of correspondence which she thought it necessary to preserve for the history of the era of the Revolution, and particularly Barnave's letters and her answers, of which she had preserved copies, into a portfolio, which she entrusted to M. de J——. That gentleman was unable to save this deposit, and it was burnt. The Queen left a few papers in her *secrétaire*. Among them was a paper of instructions to Madame de Tourzel, respecting the dispositions of her children, and the characters and abilities of the governesses under that

lady's orders. This paper, which the Queen drew up at the time of Madame de Tourzel's appointment, with several letters from Maria Theresa, filled with the best advice and the most laudable instructions, were printed after the 10th of August by order of the Assembly in the collection of papers found in the *secrétaires* of the King and Queen.

Her Majesty had still, without reckoning the current money of the month, 140,000 francs in gold. She was desirous of depositing the whole of it with me; but I advised her to retain 1,500 louis, as a sum of rather considerable amount might the next moment be very necessary for her. The King had an immense quantity of papers, and unfortunately conceived the idea of privately making a place of concealment in an inner corridor of his apartments, with the assistance of a locksmith who had worked with him above ten years. The place of concealment, but for the man's information, would have been long undiscovered.¹ The wall in which it was made was painted to imitate stone-work, and the opening was entirely concealed among the brown grooves which formed the shaded part of these painted stones. But even before this locksmith had denounced what was afterwards called "the iron closet" to the Assembly, the Queen was aware that he had talked of it to some of his friends,

¹ See Note (M) of the first volume upon the subject of this workman, who was named Gamin, the confidence placed in him by Louis XVI., and even the kind of familiarity into which that Prince had admitted him. It is remarkable that Soulavie himself, from whom those particulars are extracted, makes use of the expression, *the infamous Gamin*, and reproaches him with the pension of 1,200 francs, given him by the Convention when he accused Louis XVI. of having wished to poison him.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

and that this man, in whom the King, from long habit, placed too much confidence, was a Jacobin. She warned the King of it, and prevailed on him to fill a very large portfolio with all the papers he was most interested in preserving, and entrust it to me. She entreated him, in my presence, to leave nothing in this closet; and the King, in order to quiet her, told her that he had left nothing there. I would have taken the portfolio and carried it to my apartment, but it was too heavy for me to lift. The King said he would carry it himself. I went before him to open the doors. When he placed the portfolio in my inner closet he merely said, "The Queen will tell you what it contains." Upon my return to the Queen I put the question to her, deeming from what the King had said that it was necessary I should know. "They are," the Queen answered me, "such documents as would be most dangerous to the King should they go so far as to proceed to a trial against him. But what he most wishes me to tell you is, no doubt, that the portfolio contains a *procès-verbal* of a cabinet council, in which the King gave his opinion against war. He had it signed by all the ministers, and, in case of a proceeding, he trusts that this document will be very useful to him." I asked the Queen to whom she thought I ought to commit the portfolio. "To whom you please," answered she; "*you alone are answerable for it.* Do not quit the palace, even during your vacation months; there may be circumstances under which it would be very desirable that we should be able to have it instantly."

At this period M. de la Fayette, who had probably

given up the idea of establishing a republic in France similar to that of the United States, and was desirous to support the first Constitution, which he had sworn to defend, quitted his army and came to the Assembly for the purpose of supporting by his presence and by an energetic speech a petition, signed by twenty thousand citizens, against the late violation of the residence of the King and his family. The General found the Constitutional party powerless, and saw that he himself had lost his popularity. The Assembly disapproved of the step he had taken; the King, for whom it was taken, showed no satisfaction at it, and he saw himself compelled to return to his army as quickly as he could. He thought he could rely on the National Guard; but on the day of his arrival those officers who were in the King's interest enquired of His Majesty whether they were to forward the views of General de la Fayette by joining him in such measures as he should pursue during his stay at Paris. The King enjoined them not to do so. From this answer M. de la Fayette perceived that he was abandoned by the remainder of his party in the Paris Guard.

Upon his arrival a plan was presented to the Queen in which it was proposed, by a junction between La Fayette's army and the King's party, to rescue the Royal Family and convey them to Rouen. I did not learn the particulars of this plan; the Queen only said to me upon the subject that "M. de la Fayette was offered to them as a resource, but that it would be better for them to perish than to owe their safety to the man who had done them the most mischief, or

to place themselves under the necessity of treating with him."

I passed the whole month of July without going to bed; I was fearful of some attack by night. There was one plot against the Queen's life which has never been made known. I was alone by her bedside at one o'clock in the morning; we heard somebody walking softly along the corridor which passes along the whole line of her apartments, and which was then locked at each end. I went out to fetch the *valet de chambre*; he entered the corridor, and the Queen and myself soon heard the noise of two men fighting. The unfortunate Princess held me locked in her arms, and said to me, "What a situation! insults by day and assassins by night!" The *valet de chambre* cried out to her from the corridor, "Madam, I know the wretch; I have him." "Let him go," said the Queen; "open the door to him; he came to murder me; the Jacobins would carry him about in triumph to-morrow." The man was a servant of the King's toilette, who had taken the key of the corridor out of His Majesty's pocket, after he was in bed, no doubt with the intention of committing the crime suspected. The *valet de chambre*, who was a very strong man, held him by the wrists and thrust him out at the door. The wretch did not speak a word. The *valet de chambre* said, in answer to the Queen, who spoke to him gratefully of the danger to which he had exposed himself, that "he feared nothing, and that he had always a pair of excellent pistols about him for no other purpose than to defend Her Majesty."

On the next day M. de Septeuil had all the locks